

Hundredth Year

THE

December 2, 1926

YOUTH'S COMPANION



Photograph by Harry Irving Shumway

The Christmas Pie and the Pirates

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Mr. Peaslee Brings Up Philip

CALEB PEASLEE nudged Deacon Hyne and nodded his head in the direction of two girls who were going through the orchard with oars over their shoulders.

“There they go,” Caleb commented, “and they'll come back wet to their knees and like 'nough stung up with nettles and poison ivy — and then my wife'll have to doctor 'em and soothe 'em. If they didn't pay better'n any other crop I c'n raise on the farm,” he went on almost dejectedly, “I 'd know I'd ever bother with another summer boarder, ever!”

The deacon listened with a wry grin.

“That sounds funny—kind of,” he remarked. “Raisin' summer boarders, I mean.”

“I guess it does — now you speak of it,” Caleb admitted. “And yit it 'mounts to that in some cases. Neither one of them girls knew 'nough to fry p'taters when they come, but in two weeks my wife's showed 'em how so they c'n make good bread and plain cake.

“And there's been other cases too,” Caleb went on. “You know that young man that comes here every year — Philip Cross? We think pretty near as much of him as he was kin to us, and yit when he come here first, a boy in short pants, he was the wust cub I've ever had dealin' with.

“It was mostly his mother's fault. Her idea of the way to handle him was to say, ‘Please don't do that, Philip!’ And then when the brat went and done it she'd let her hands drop and look at me and ask what she should do with a boy like that!

“But when he got to goin' round the farm with me,” Caleb said, “he found things diff'rent; I'd tell him once not to do a thing, and then if he didn't mind I saw to it he was sorry. He poked his fingers into the winnowing machine after I told him not to, and I speeded it up 'nough to give his knuckles a wipe that skinned every one on that hand! After that he kep' his hands away from it.

“And it was the same about goin' out on the plank over the brook; I was puttin' across a new one, ‘count of the old one bein' rotted, and he was bound to go out onto the old one; and when he got out good I jogged the end 'nough to dump him into about three foot of water and mud. I let him stay, too,” Caleb said with enjoyment, “till he was mod'rately well scared, and then I hauled him out and called his attention to it that somethin' happened to him every time he failed to heed what I told him.

“One time,” Caleb admitted, “I had to take things c'nsid'able into my own hands. It was one day over in the pasture when I told him not to chase the milk cows — and he went and done it. That time I cut an alder sprout about as big as my thumb, and I give him what you c'd call a good trounchin'; and then I told him that any boy that chased a cow into a barbwire fence so it tore her side deserved a lickin' — and if it happened to be my cow he was sure to git it.

“The wust thing was when I forbade him goin' into that buildin' I used to have way down beyond the orchard, to house my seed grain in. That year I had corn in there, tailed and labelled, and I wouldn't have had it mixed for a good many dollars. Well, he was p'sessed to git in there — and one day when I left the door unlocked I saw him sly inside.

“Well, I didn't waste a minute; this seemed a good time to teach him a lastin' lesson; so I injunction down there quick and shut the door and locked it. He didn't make a sound, —shamed to, prob'ly, — and I knew he'd stay there, for there ain't a window in it except in the gable and a good solid floor of two-inch hemlock planks.

“It was jest after noon when I shet him in, and his mother didn't start to worry till past supper time — no matter where he wandered, he commonly showed up every meal; and then she began to git a good deal uneasy. But I soothed her and told her where he c'd like 'nough be, till it began to get dark. Then I slied out of the back door and down to the barn, and when I opened the door the boy come out tryin' not to sob; and the fust thing he done was to beg me not to tell his mother — he promised he'd mind if I wouldn't tell her he had to be punished that way.

“And do you know, Hyne,” Caleb asserted, “I didn't want her to know, either. I figured she'd prob'ly be so mad she'd leave. So I made the promise, and he went home and took his scoldin' like a man. And every year since he's come back here, and you won't find a better young man!

“So, in a manner of speakin' I can say I raise summer boarders — sometimes.”

—FRANK K. RICH



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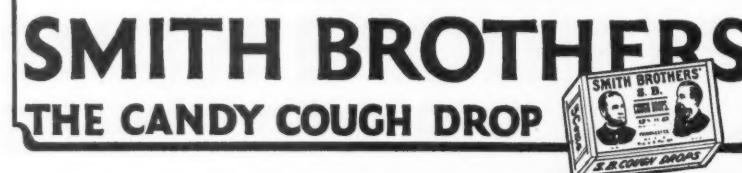
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HE was born on a Christmas morning, and so his name was inevitable. Mamie, his mother, bestowed it upon him almost inadvertently. "Dar now, ain' he a fat little Chris'mus Gif'!" she exclaimed, when for the first time she cuddled him in her capacious arms; and "Chris'mus Gif'" he remained, thenceforward.

Chris'mus grew up as the fattest, sassiest, funniest little darky in town. His mother was Colonel Peter Dent's cook, and he was as a baby a fixture in Colonel Dent's big kitchen. At first, Mamie would wrap him in her shawl, or in an old blanket, or a bit of braided rug, or whatever was at hand, and stuff him away in a warm corner for safe keeping. From his refuge, Chris'mus Gif's big, China-white eyes peered out, watching everything that passed.

But as he developed strength and ambition, the baby refused to be thus confined; and in the period after he began to kick off his swaddlings he was always under foot, scuttling about the kitchen floor like some huge, black crab. He had a remarkable facility for getting into—and out of—difficulties; but, though things were always falling on or over him,—stove lids, billets of wood, kettles, dishes, viands, and Mamie herself,—he shed them all as a duck sheds water.

He was a relentless scavenger, and the kitchen floor was his kingdom. All was grist that came to his mill; and to see Chris'mus Gif' salvage a chicken bone or a melon rind and make it yield up its further treasures was a liberal education. His method of eating was simple and primitive. It was to smear whatever was to be eaten over the whole expanse of his round, black countenance, and then let it soak in at leisure.

He waxed fat as a pudding, and till he was past two years old he made no serious effort to walk at all. He could cover more ground more quickly and less conspicuously on his hands and knees; and his increasing girth made pedestrianism irksome. So he relied upon a sort of gallop, by which he navigated the kitchen floor with surprising ease and accuracy.

In his third year, however, he grew taller, and his girth decreased in proportion. It was as though some one had taken his feet in one hand and his head in the other and given a long, strong pull. At his third Christmas, he was a lank young sinner with a hungry grin, and a perpetual appetite, and Mamie decided he was too big to stay in the kitchen.

Chris'mus Gif' did not supinely accept this banishment. He managed to sneak in, now and then, when the smell of cooking drew him irresistibly; but when Mamie discovered him she drove him forth at top speed. Her favorite weapon was a stick of stove wood, but she was entirely without rancor in these proceedings, and he accepted them in a similar spirit. Nevertheless, the effect was to keep him more and more out of doors, and thus as he grew older he came into more frequent contact with the Dent boys.

Stonewall Dent was two or three years older than Chris'mus Gif', while Bob Dent was about the same age as the little darky. Even if they had been younger than he, however, their dominance would have been as unquestioned. From the first day of their association, he was their slave and enjoyed it as much as they. The three boys became, so far as the outdoor world was concerned, inseparable. Chris'mus Gif' loved his masters, and served them, and they were no less devoted to him.

Thus, when he was six years old, he was taken ill with diphtheria and for a space was a very sick little boy. The Dent boys discovered his absence from the kitchen and the yard and made inquiries of the woman who had for the time replaced Mamie; and then Stonewall rushed to his mother with tears in his eyes.

"Mother, mother!" he cried. "Chris'mus is sick! He's sick, mother!"

Mrs. Dent tried to quiet him. "Yes,

CHRIS'MUS GIF'

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

Illustrated by CLARENCE ROWE



Even while Chris'mus Gif' tugged at it, the things within woke from their sleep with a clamor like wild beasts, and fire bit and clawed at his arm and at his breast fighting to escape

Stonewall," she said. "He can't come to play with you for a while."

"Is he going to die, mother?" Stonewall tearfully demanded. "Is he going to die?"

His mother smiled. "We'll hope not, Stonewall," she declared. "But he's a pretty sick little boy."

"Then I'll have to go take care of him, mother," her son soberly announced. "Will you fix up some good things in a basket for him?"

Mrs. Dent explained the danger that Stonewall would run, on such an errand, and her son drew himself up with a proud gesture that somehow brought tears to her eyes, and reminded her, in a voice so like the Colonel's that she hugged him, that Chris'mus Gif' was his darky, and that it was therefore his privilege and duty to go and comfort Chris'mus Gif', no matter what the peril.

SHE could not argue her son out of the idea, so she had recourse to arbitrary commands, and called upon Colonel Dent to

enforce them; but that afternoon Stonewall and Bob slipped away and were later discovered delivering at Mamie's cabin a store of goodies which would have killed any less hardy patient.

They were punished, but when they repeated the offense next day Colonel Dent arranged for the removal of Chris'mus Gif' to more suitable quarters for the period of his illness; and the white boys mourned till they were near growing sick themselves, until his return.

He came back with a glamour about him, and with an added asset as an entertainer. He could rattle his chin.

"Learned it in de hospital," he proudly explained. "Learned it to mahself, while I 'uz gittin' th'ough de diphthery."

And he proceeded to demonstrate. He allowed his lower jaw to sag alarmingly, hooked his left thumb under it, hooked his right thumb through the little finger of his left hand, and then with swift gyrations of the right hand rattled his slack jaw till his teeth clattered. The effect was exactly that

which a clever minstrel produces with his "bones," but Chris'mus Gif' produced it with his teeth alone. The boys were fairly awed; but in half an hour—in the course of which Chris'mus Gif' all but wore out his teeth, displaying his new accomplishment—the charm wore off; and an hour later the white boys had again assumed their usual ascendancy.

Christmas, Chris'mus Gif's birthday, was always a big day for the three boys. Rarely was there any snow, and as a rule the day was merely mildly cold, with a frozen crust upon the ground, through which one broke into the mud beneath. Chris'mus Gif' was always up before dawn, to creep to Colonel Dent's house and hide beside the front steps until the boys appeared.

Then the little darky would jump up and scream, "Chris'mus Gif! Chris'mus Gif!" over and over, and the boys would exclaim with chagrin. For it was the rule on Christmas Day that, if you met a person, and shouted "Christmas Gif" before that person did, then he must give you a Christmas present. Wise folk filled their pockets with trinkets against such emergencies. Chris'mus, of course, never had any presents to give—he always planned to save money and buy some, but he never had any money to save—and so the boys were careful to let him anticipate them in shouting those magic, gift-evoking words. Then they would deliver up their tribute, with ostentatious mortification, and the three would set off to trap others.

It was ridiculously easy to do so; for grown people were surprisingly stupid. And so, along toward noon, the three boys would drift back to the Colonel's house, their pockets bulging with oranges and candy and toy pistols and marbles and tops—booty they had gathered during the morning's campaign. Somehow, it usually happened that they returned to the house at about dinner time; and Stonewall and Bob would go inside, while Chris'mus Gif' went to the kitchen door to haunt that delectable spot until the carcasses of the fat birds and the gloriously greasy remnants of the suckling pig with the apple in its mouth came back from the white folks' table.

Then the long afternoon, when the Dent boys were indoors, too full of dinner to come out and play; and when Chris'mus managed to find a warm corner of the big kitchen and curl up and go to sleep there. As soon as he was fast asleep, he was sure to begin to snore; and then Mamie always came over and nudged him with her foot or cuffed him and told him to hush up his noise. He was too full of viands to dodge these cuffs, and preferred to submit to them in comfortable apathy.

As dusk began to fall, he would bestir himself and wriggle out and stretch and yawn, and make sure that his dinner was adjusted in the most comfortable fashion, and then go and hang around the front of the house, waiting for the big event of the day.

Christmas always meant fireworks, in this little Mississippi town. Colonel Dent was accustomed to send for a boxful of skyrockets and pinwheels and Roman candles and firecrackers and set pieces; and when Christmas day turned into Christmas night the exhibition began. For Chris'mus Gif' and the other darkies, this was a time of delicious terror. They came and hid among the shrubbery to watch, and the wonder of the spectacle slowly drew them forth from their hiding-place, nearer and nearer, till Colonel Dent, or whoever was master of ceremonies, would snatch a handful of squibs—"nigger chasers"—and touch them off. The fiery little snakes darted, hissing, this way and that; and the darkies scattered with shrieks of glee, and climbed on the fence, and fell off, and ran away, and fell down, and got up and ran on again; and in ten seconds every one of them would be at a safe distance; and in sixty seconds more, they would again be crowding back toward the center of attraction.

Chris'mus Gif' was like the other darkies

in this; and Stonewall scolded him for it. "What are you afraid of, anyhow, Chris'mus?" he demanded. "I ain't afraid of fire-works. I don't see why you are."

Chris'mus grinned sheepishly, and twisted the toe of one ragged shoe into the ground. "Da's all right, suh," he protested. "Da's all right, suh. Go ahead an' cuss me all yuh wanter. I kin stand dat. But don't set none o' dem little niggeh-chasers after me. One on 'em run up a man's laig onces, an' like to burn him."

"You're scared as a girl," Stonewall accused.

"Yassuh," Chris'mus Gif' frankly admitted. "Yassuh, dat shoretly is right. I am dat. I don't want no firewuk's coming neah me."

And Stonewall's jeers moved him not at all.

CHRIS'MUS GIF'S last Christmas started off like any other. He hid behind the gatepost and caught the Dent boys off guard with his "Chris'mus Gif'! Chris'mus Gif'!" Stonewall gave him a knife with a blade that would open and shut, and Bob gave him a whistle. Then they hastened away on their foray, and for hours took tribute of every one they met. Home again, as usual, just in time for dinner.

After that ample feast, Chris'mus Gif' went off to sleep, under the kitchen table. He slept like a healthy young puppy, and the hand on which his head was pillow'd still clutched the drumstick of a turkey, not yet picked clean. Now and then he snored gently, and Mamie bent and poked at him with whatever came to hand, until he awoke sufficiently to become silent; and then he sank deeper and deeper into slumber again, till his snores once more arose. Thus his sleep was like a flight of one of those birds which swoop down a long slant of air, only to catch themselves quickly upward again at regular and constant intervals. Chris'mus, left alone, swooped down a long slant of sleep, but Mamie snatched him up toward wakefulness, whenever he approached the snoring point.

He became at length so accustomed to these interruptions that he slept right through them; and he was accordingly bewildered when at length Mamie persisted, even after he had checked his snores, in her efforts to awaken him. She shook him till his head bumped the table, and he protested sleepily:

"I hain't snorin', maw."

"Git out f'om unde' theah," she ordered, sternly. "Stonewall's be'n out heah whistlin' and a-yellin' twell I'm woah out. Git out an' see whut he wants."

Chris'mus Gif' sleepily dragged himself forth from beneath the table, and across to the door where Stonewall and Bob, a certain air of guilt about them, were waiting; and they beckoned anxiously. He guessed that some illicit adventure was afoot and dropped from the gallery and followed them around the corner out of sight, grinning with anticipation.

Stonewall grabbed his shoulders. "Get down on your knees," he commanded, and Chris'mus obeyed, and Stonewall and Bob dropped to similar postures. Thus the three scuttled across from the kitchen to the structure that served as feed house and carriage shed. Once in that shelter, Stonewall arose, and the others followed his example. Chris'mus' eyes were sticking out like headlights, and his teeth were revealed by his grin like tombstones on a dark night.

"You've got to help me lift something, Chris'mus," Stonewall announced. "Bob can't do it."

Chris'mus nodded and grinned. There was a fearsome mystery about this project which delighted and at the same time frightened him.

Stonewall led the way into the carriage shed and lifted a blanket that covered something in the back of a wagon there. Chris'mus Gif' recognized it with a gasp of alarm; for it was the box of fireworks. The box was long, narrow and shallow, much like the boxes in which croquet sets are packed. It had been brought from the express office in the wagon, and presently some one would come and carry it to the front of the house in preparation for the evening's display.

Stonewall jumped up into the wagon and dropped the tail board, then shoved the box back till its end was free. "Take hold, there, Chris'mus," he commanded.

Chris'mus Gif' put both hands behind him. "Huh-uh," he said, emphatically. "I ain' gwine monkey wid dem contractions. Nor-suh."

Stonewall, his hands on his hips and his lip curling scornfully, surveyed the little

darky. "You going to do what I say?" he demanded severely.

The culprit fidgeted uneasily under Stonewall's compelling eye, giggled with embarrassment, and finally laid hands on the box with a hysterical zeal. They slid it off the wagon, and then under Stonewall's orders carried it across the carriage shed and into the feed house.

"Some one might see us, out there," Stonewall explained.

Chris'mus Gif's teeth were chattering with excitement. "W-what you gwine do?" he whispered.

"Oh, just see what there is in it," Stonewall loftily explained. "Bob, go get the axe."

Bob scurried off to the woodshed and

met with success. The axe blade found a cranny under the cover, and he pried down, and by slow degrees the top of the box was wrenched upward at one end for an inch, then two inches. There it stuck.

They gave up efforts to widen the aperture, and the three boys with a simultaneous impulse dropped on their knees and put their heads together to peer into the box and discover what wonders it contained.

"There's a sky-rocket," Bob squealed.

"There's six of them," Stonewall corrected.

Chris'mus Gif' discovered his natural enemy. "Dar's a bunch o' dem little niggeh-chasers," he giggled.

Their three heads were so close together at

Then the flame flared up and nipped his fingers, and he cried "Ouch!" and dropped the match—inside the box!

For a bare second, he and Bob and Chris'mus were like little statues in the dusky room, frozen with fright. Then from inside the box came a sudden, unmistakable hiss. A fuse had caught from the dying match.

THAT tiny hiss, like a serpent's, scattered the boys. Little Bob darted across the feed house to the inner wall—where there was no egress. Stonewall crouched back in the corner opposite the bins. Chris'mus climbed like a monkey to the top of the cotton-seed bin, and perched there precariously. The box containing the fireworks was between them and the door to the carriage shed—the only way out. And the little fuse in the box hissed softly.

It must have been a pinwheel; for after an instant that was like eternity something flared in the box in a stream of fire, and twisted and thumped there; and then a packet of firecrackers caught and began to go off like a machine gun.

"Oh, Lawdy!" sobbed Chris'mus, from the top of the bin. Stonewall was backed against the wall, staring at the box with wide, frightened eyes, motionless, paralyzed. Bob crouched at the far side of the room, his head in his arms. "Oh, Lawdy!" sobbed Chris'mus. "Oh, my Lawdy!"

A bursting firecracker popped out and fell into the loose cottonseed on the floor beneath them; and Chris'mus could endure no more. He screamed with fright; but also he dropped from his perch and smothered the first little flame with his hands; and then like a small, black whirlwind he turned and grabbed the open end of the heavy box.

He lifted it clear of the floor. As he did so, something inside leaped with a terrible snarl of fire and struck him in the chest, spitting flame back into the box. He cried out again with pain and terror, but without releasing his hold. Instead, he wriggled his left arm into the opening in the end of the box, partially blocking it; and he began to back toward the door which led to the carriage shed, dragging the burden after him.

Even while Chris'mus tugged at it, the two white boys were too frightened to make a sound. They crouched, quivering in an agony of fear, and watched Chris'mus, fascinated. The things within woke from their sleep with a clamor like wild beasts, and fire bit and clawed at his arm and at his breast, fighting to escape. But Chris'mus, sobbing with pain and determination, stuck to his task. He fell backward down the one step into the carriage shed, and the box fell almost on top of him, as Stonewall, released from his paralysis of fright at last, slammed the door of the feed house against the flames.

Then the remaining explosives caught and roared into a geyser of fire and flaming fragments. The box burst with a long, ripping crash; and Chris'mus Gif's little body trembled and was still, in the heart of the holocaust.

AS dusk began to fall, Colonel Dent in the big house bethought himself of the fireworks, and called a negro who was loafing around Mamie's kitchen, and started to get the box. They were halfway to the carriage shed when they heard the first screams of fright; and so quickly did the rest follow that first scream that as they reached the open front of the shed little Chris'mus tumbled out of the feed house, dragging after him the box that was bigger than himself. The explosion that followed forced the Colonel to crouch behind a corner of the shed for shelter, for an instant.

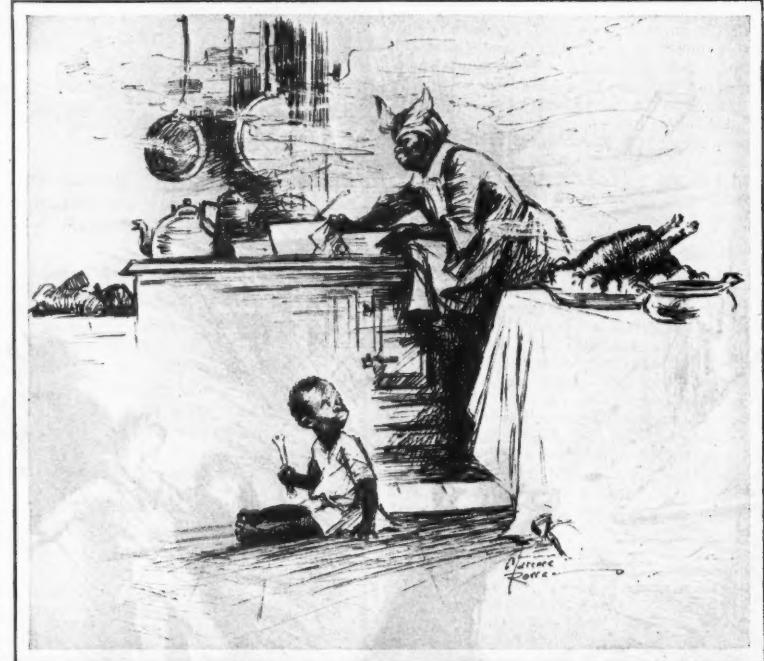
"Curse that boy," he cried. "If he isn't killed already, I'll skin him alive."

Then as the first flaming blast died down he leaped into the shed and stamped out the dozen little fires that were starting. The door of the feed house was shut; there was no danger there. In thirty seconds, the last spark was extinguished, the fireworks had burned themselves out, and a few charred fragments here and there, and a bit of damage to the upholstery of the nearest vehicle represented the only material damage.

But the Colonel stopped for no inventory. He picked up the limp form of Chris'mus, and turned to the staring darkies who had sprung from nowhere.

"Get Doctor Hetherton, quick," he snapped. Then, looking down at the boy in his arms, half furious, half pitying, "The little scamp," he muttered.

The door of the feed house swung slowly open, and Stonewall peered out, then slowly emerged, Bob weeping at his heels. The



Chris'mus Gif was a relentless scavenger, and the kitchen floor was his kingdom

returned with that implement balanced precariously over one small shoulder. Stonewall took it, and squatted on the floor beside the box and began to pry at the cover.

It was late afternoon, the sun was dropping toward the horizon, and there was a hint of approaching night in the sky. The feed house in which the boys had hidden had been a log cabin, and the log walls were a foot thick. Along one side were built two huge bins, one full of corn, and the other overflowing with cotton seed. The door to the carriage shed was at one end; and the other end was pierced only by two small chutes through which corn and seed were fed to the two bins from time to time. Just now, these chutes were pegged shut.

The cotton-seed bin was within six feet of the spot where Stonewall was working at the box of fireworks; and the front of the bin was half open, so that the seed spilled out on the floor within a few inches of the box. Cotton seed is almost as inflammable as kerosene, each kernel a storehouse of oil, and each kernel covered with cotton that burns like tinder.

STONEWALL, tongue between his teeth, tugged and pried at the lid of the big box; and Bob, breathing fast, watched him. Chris'mus was nervous. He was not allowed in the feed house, and he did not like the notion of being here. But Stonewall worked on, and Chris'mus dared not interfere with him.

The cover of the box was stubborn, and after a time Stonewall leaned back on his heels in disgust, and looked from the box to Chris'mus Gif. "Here, you work at it for a spell," he commanded, lifting the axe to Chris'mus, but the little darky backed away.

"Nor-suh," he protested. "Not dis niggeh I ain' gwine tuh monkey wid whut's in dat box."

"You're scared," Stonewall accused. "Yas-suh," Chris'mus grinned. "Yas-suh, I is dat! Cuss me if you wanter. But I ain' gwine tech dat box. Not dis little Chris'mus Gif."

Stonewall frowned like Jove, but bent again over the box; and this time his efforts

the open end of the box, and it was already so dark in the feed house—whose only window was a loop-hole high on one side—that they could barely see. Stonewall sat up and shoved the others aside and thrust his arm in the box.

"We can't see anything this way," he declared. "Wait till I pull some of this stuff out."

The two white boys were by this time completely hypnotized by the fascinating things half glimpsed in the long box. They had forgotten Colonel Dent and his certain retribution. They were quivering and trembling with eagerness to see and to handle all the wonders hidden there. Chris'mus was as excited as they, but he was also a badly scared little darky. He was afraid he would be blamed for this whole affair, and he was afraid those nigger-chasers would jump out of the box and chase him right up the side of the feed house.

Stonewall thrust his hand into the box, and managed to drag forth a packet of firecrackers, and a loose pinwheel or so; but most of the things were fastened in bundles too large to be moved. He bent to peer in again; and it was darker than ever; and it was then that he reached into his pocket and magnificently produced a match.

Chris'mus Gif saw what it was, and danced up and down and begged.

"Please, Stonewall," he cried. "Don' light dat match in heah. Cunnel say he skin anybuddy alive dat lights a match in de feed house."

"Oh, be quiet, Chris'mus," said Stonewall, scornfully. "I guess I can light a match if I want to."

He scratched the match on the box, and the little flame leaped up, and Chris'mus Gif, wriggling in the shadows, licked his dry little lips and prayed soundlessly: "Oh, Lawdy, oh, Lawdy, oh, Lawdy. . . ."

Stonewall held the match down close to the opening into the box, and he and Bob stooped to see inside; and the dancing little flame revealed the tight-packed bundles in their red and gold paper. Stonewall was so absorbed that without realizing it he thrust the match a little inside the box, so that they might see the better.

Colonel stared in amazement, turned white with a dreadful thought of what might have been, and then, without a word to his sons, and with the body of the little negro boy held tenderly in his arms, strode away toward the house.

An hour later, Doctor Hetherton came from the room where they had laid Chris-mus Gif, and he found the Colonel talking to Stonewall. Bob was upstairs. Now and then they caught the echo of his grief. Stonewall was very white, and very erect, biting

hard at his lip. He had told his father the story, not sparing himself.

The Colonel looked at Doctor Hetherton and was about to voice a question; but the gruff physician silenced him with an abrupt gesture of both hands.

"Go in if you wish, suh," he growled.

Colonel Dent rose gravely, and Stonewall followed him as he crossed and entered the room. Old black Mamie was on her knees at one side of the big, white bed, and Mrs. Dent was at the other side, bending over the little

form in the middle. Chris-mus Gif's tired little countenance was just a dot of black on the vast, white expanse of the spotless counterpane. The little boy was whispering and giggling to himself, chuckling, pausing now and then to cry in a voice of terror:

"Lawdy! Oh, my Lawdy!"

He seemed to hear the Colonel's footsteps; for he listened for a moment, then piped hoarsely:

"Chris-mus Gif, Cunnel!"

Colonel Dent bent over the bed. "Christ-

mas gift yourself, Chris-mus," he said huskily. Stonewall caught his father's elbow. "Don't say 'Christmas gift' to him, father," he warned. "He never has anything to give you if you do, and it makes him feel bad."

The Colonel turned slowly and laid his hands on his son's shoulders and shook Stonewall tenderly back and forth.

"Never has anything to give me, eh?" he said back to himself. "Well—I guess he's done his share of giving—for this Christmas."

WITH the scant shade of a scraggly foothills cedar tenting him against the desert sun, Jim had stopped for a noonday rest, and was now sprawled out on the saddle blanket, with saddle, chaps and a rifle strown over the ground close at hand. No horse was visible; the puncher might have dropped from the sky into that horizon-cut circle of sage, greasewood, and leprosous-looking alkali. He lay watching an eagle write circles on blue sky, idly marking the course of the high-hung bird with his finger.

"Guess I'm no good at murder," he muttered, "even if it is only a loco bronch; but orders are orders."

A filtered ray of sunlight fell on his curly yellow hair as he rose and languidly stretched his spare, lithe form. There was something about the boy that would have drawn one's attention to him in any group of plainsmen—a quality which could be read in his youthful, sensitive face and, clear blue eyes. For a moment he looked over the wide expanse of plain, then gave a long, shrill whistle, ending the call with a peculiar quavering note, plaintive and wild in its lilt.

A few seconds later a coal-black stallion emerged from the depth of a coulee and trotting up to the man, playfully nuzzled and nipped at him.

"Work to do, Boomer, old boy," Jim confided, patting the horse's glossy side as he threw the blanket into place. "Mean work, too, if you ask me."

Jim saddled his mount leisurely, then rode off toward a range of mountains that lifted up in the distance. A few miles on he came upon his quarry, a horse grazing lifelessly along the buttress of a cliff. So shrunken were its muscles and flesh that it had almost lost the outlines of its type and degenerated into a mere apparition of the sage waste. Dragging inordinately large hoofs through the chaparral, with its head sagging dejectedly, it searched with rheumy eyes for something among the shrubs. Once it looked up at the intruders with a vacant, unseeing stare, then resumed its peculiar grazing, snapping like a mad dog at stalks of purple loco flowers that dotted the caked alkali.

"Poor cuss," Jim muttered as he reined up; "loco as a loony Indian."

Taking the rifle from its holster he took aim. A dull report echoed through the canyons, and the "loco" pitched forward on his nose. To Jim's surprise Boomer started and as the ill-fated broncho made its dying struggle the man noticed a tremor pass through the body of his mount.

"Here, here, what's the matter?" he asked as he stroked the animal's neck. "Pretty rough to kill one of your kind right before your eyes—but it's 'loco law' at the V Bar V, you know. He went wrong, and there's nothing else to do."

Making sure that the loco was dead, Jim started toward home, but wondered as he rode at the peculiar conduct of Boomer when he shot the loco-crazed horse. Nor did the incident end there, for he had occasion to recall it later under far different circumstances.

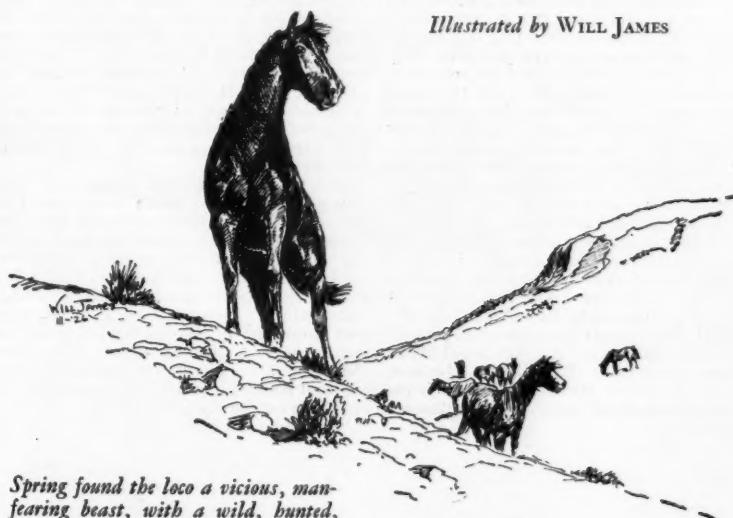
Two years before that time, Jim, riding a beautiful colt, had applied for work at the V-V, and had been accepted conditionally. But conditions had not bothered the pair; as time passed, other riders came and went, but Jim and Boomer stayed. They were inseparable and unbeatable; what they could not do was left undone, while their love for each other had become almost a tradition. Cassiday had never been seen in that country astride another pony.

Boomer had grown into a magnificent horse, a big, coal-black fellow, tall and slim, with arched neck and trim, delicate hoofs that seemed to shine even on the dustiest trail. A touch of broncho and Arabian blood gave him mettle and endurance without stunting, while a large percentage of Kentucky stock accounted for his wonderful speed, graceful bearing and gentle disposition. Of all horses Boomer was king of Chaps Valley. He took the dust of no animal on

The "Loco Law" of V-V

By JOSEPH E. OLSON

Illustrated by WILL JAMES



Spring found the loco a vicious, man-fearing beast, with a wild, hunted, feverish expression in his eyes

four legs; he brought up with a jerk steers that taxed the utmost strength of other ponies; he could hit a longer trail and rest less. But despite his kingship he paid homage to Jim. No brand of ownership was necessary, and his glossy sides did not know the prick of spurs; the weight of his master on his back and the sound of that boyish voice, softly urging and admonishing him, had always been enough of encouragement.

Once Jim and Buckran settled an argument regarding the horse. Cassiday had so trained his mount that he would come in answer to a long shrill whistle. Buckran said he could hold Boomer with a halter while Jim called; but at the first whistle the horse broke loose, hurling the man headlong and running to his master, much to the amusement of the other punchers. Others had tried to call him by imitating that whistle, but none had ever succeeded; the horse would merely lift his head, listen intently until the last quavering note died away, then resume grazing. Jim's call was the countersign to the broncho's heart.

A SHORT time before the shooting of the loco, however, a change, so slight at first as to be almost imperceptible, had come over Boomer. At an age when he should have been at his best he had acquired a certain gogginess; he was not quite so quick to respond as formerly; his footing was less true, and even his eyesight seemed affected. These changes came so gradually as to escape the notice of everyone except Jim and the punchers of the V-V, for he was still by far the best horse in the valley. A suspicion, a nasty suspicion, began to form in Jim's mind, but for a long time he refused to believe it, and other men were considerate enough not to broach the subject. Finally, though, Buckran, still smarting from that headlong pitch Boomer had given him, could contain his ill-natured glee no longer. Turning to Cassiday as the men were leaving the bunkhouse one morning, he said, "Well, Jim, I guess you'll soon have to be kickin' Boomer off, eh?"

The boy's face blanched. For some time he had been expecting trouble with this bully of the ranch.

"Well, what you starin' at, Bright-eyes?" Buckran continued. "I just said that I reckoned you'd soon have to be kickin' off that Pegasus of yours."

"Yes, I heard that the first time; I was just waitin'—and I'm still waitin'—for an explanation."

Buckran answered with a cynical smile. "Can't say, kid, that I like your way of seekin' information, but I'll humor you this once. You're pretty much of a tenderfoot, but you've been here in the valley long enough to savvy some of the customs. I suppose you never heard of the V Bar V's 'loco law,' eh?"

Cassiday's eyes narrowed and red spots appeared on his cheeks. "Yes, I've heard of it—and I've done my share in riddin' the range of locos. Killed one not more than two weeks ago."

"Well, I'm just remindin' you, that's all."

Jim flushed and the corners of his mouth twitched. "Maybe you'll tell me what you're remindin' me of all this time."

"Sure thing, I don't keep secrets good. I was just givin' you a gentle hint that your horse is a loco and, bein' such, your duty—"

Jim's fist struck out with all the force of his lithe, sinewy body back of it, and caught the larger man in the whiskers. "Sure thing," he mocked as Buckran sprawled in the dust, "my duty, sure! Glad you reminded me of it."

Buckran rose slowly, guardedly. A ring of men closed about the two. "You're a liar, Buckran—a liar; do you hear?"

Buckran stood weaving for a few seconds, stooping so that the fingers of his left hand rested on the ground. "Yes—you'll think I heard," his voice rasped; "you'll think I heard before I'm through with you!" And with that warning he rushed, swinging a crushing blow at Jim's jaw. But his wary target side-stepped and dealt him a stinging right as he passed.

Old hand that he was at fighting, Bill had been taught his lesson; for this time, when he recovered, he did not rush his opponent but approached the boy warily. They maneuvered for advantage for a few moments; then Buckran rushed in and clenched Jim about the waist. For an instant Cassiday felt himself poised in the air; the next moment Buckran's big form was on him and hands clutching his throat. Vainly Jim struggled to free himself; the odds of weight and strength were against him. Black spots began to dance before his eyes and the world seemed to be drawing away. Vaguely, amid a confusion of voices, he was aware of the awful grip loosening, and of the weight being dragged from his chest.

"No you don't, Buck," he heard some one breathe panting; "this is a fight—but murder don't go."

By the time Jim rose, Buckran had been led off by some of the men, and the incident was closed for the time being, with the honor of the best horse that had ever graced Chaps Valley in the balance.

Time, though, brought undeniable evidence. In an evil day Boomer was thrown into a panic of fear over a harmless little stone. That evening, for the first time since coming to the valley, Jim mounted another horse, one he had borrowed from one of the men. Later, masked by dusk, he cantered away from the V-V, riding Boomer and leading the borrowed horse.

Mile after mile he rode on. The moon rose and, out of the silvery transluence that flooded the range, came the noises of foothill night-life, the wail of a coyote, the bawling of a steer, and the twitter of an aroused bird; but from the little cavalcade there was no sound save the clicking of the horses' hoofs and the creaking of saddle leather. Once in a while Jim reached down and affectionately patted Boomer's neck, and once when his hand touched the stock of the Winchester that hung in its holster he withdrew it as if he had touched a red-hot branding iron.

"Loco law!" he breathed. "I can't, Boomer, old boy—I can't; that's all."

The trail lifted farther into the foothills, then as the way became steeper and more rugged was lost altogether among the peaks and canyons of High Ball Range. At length, coming out upon a high hog-back, Jim dismounted, switched the saddle and bridle to the borrowed horse, and left him with the reins dragging on the ground.

"Come, Boomer baby," he commanded huskily, then led out upon the high, narrow ridge. The horse obediently followed, followed so closely that Jim could feel hot breath on his neck. It seemed to Cassiday that the animal was already wondering at the strange procedure. Near the edge of the ridge loomed the white form of a sheepherder's monument. The boy stopped and, putting his arms round the neck of the horse, buried his face in the soft, glossy hair.

A sob shook the boy, then, slapping the flank of the horse, he sent him away as he had done a thousand times before—but this time not to be recalled.

The horse moved off reluctantly, stopping when part way down the slope as if expecting the old familiar whistle to recall him. He looked round expectantly, then disappeared into the canyon growth of trees. When he had passed out of sight Jim stole quietly back to the borrowed horse and rode away, his form drooping in the saddle and tears welling in his eyes. Once he reined up and glanced back furtively, his lips pursed for the call that did not sound except in his heart.

TIME passed; autumn gold tarnished into the black and white of winter. Then the secret of Jim's evasion of the V-V's loco law was verified by the word of several of his companions. How the loco managed to survive the storms of High Ball Range was a mystery to the punchers, who caught occasional glimpses of the derelict horse. Perchance on a moonlight night some late town visitor, homeward bound, would see the tall form of Boomer outlined sharply on the crest of a far-away ridge or in the daytime some rider see his dark silhouette in the cedars. The one-time king of Chaps Valley had become a hunted animal, no man's charge, any man's game. A weaker horse would have perished before the first onslaught of the white fury of snow that drifted and swirled through the canyons; but spring found the loco, though wasted, still more than a match for the ordinary broncho, a vicious, man-fearing beast, with a wild, hunted, feverish expression breeding in his clear, bright eyes. The purple flowers were doing their work.

Probably it was to fill the void which Jim had left in his heart that led Boomer into the second great mistake of his life. For Jim's sake Boomer by himself might have

remained unmolested by the ranchers, but as head of a loco drove he could not be tolerated. The leadership of the big horse was so marked that by the beginning of summer it was noticed he had collected a band of ten stragglers; and before autumn fully double that number were following him. Some of these bronchos had been loco before joining the herd, but those that were not soon followed the example of their leader and acquired the fatal appetite. The riders took shots at the leader of the locos whenever he showed himself, and bands of men scoured the country for him during the slack seasons. But so shrewd was he and so cleverly did he disengage himself from his herd in time of danger that every effort to trap or kill the outlaw was futile.

At the fall roundup the last straggling stray had been herded within the long corral of riders. The men were lounging before the evening campfire. Suddenly the conversation turned upon the leader of the loco herd. Barlow, foreman of the V-V, introduced the subject.

"So far, so good. But I reckon, boys, that we've got a harder job on our hands now than roundin' up cattle." The men looked up expectantly as the foreman continued. "You know Rattler, that big roan I sometimes rode? Went last week. Couldn't find hide nor hair of him; and now Bill tells me he's been seen with that loco drove. I tell you we've got to get that horse, Boomer, or he'll have every stray bronch in the valley followin' him."

Something seemed to stab into Jim. He had told himself over and over during the long lonesome hours of many a watch that this was coming, and he had tried to steel himself against it; but now that it had come it seemed different. Boomer to be hunted as an outlaw, and by the boys of the V-V, even by himself! Try as he might, he could not appear unconcerned. His throat became dry and he gulped as if he were swallowing the words of the foreman.

A noisy discussion followed. There were half a dozen different plans urged, by each of which the sponsor guaranteed to bag the outlaw; but none was accepted.

Jim quietly withdrew to the edge of the firelight. He could not forget the Boomer of old, but neither could he put duty from his mind. He had violated the V-V's loco law! It was true that few of the punchers who knew Boomer blamed him and none openly censured him; but there had been an undercurrent of feeling which would have been apparent to a far less conscientious man than Cassidy. Finally he advanced into the group. The eyes of the men turned instinctively toward him, and in their steady gaze he read a verdict.

"Boys," he began slowly as he kicked a firebrand back among the embers, "three years ago I rode Boomer into the valley. None ever straddled his back except me, and we worked together like pals through thick and thin. I ain't excusin' myself; I did wrong in turnin' him loose; but now I'm going to get him—tomorrow. I'll get him—if somebody's got to—"

He looked round the circle of firelit faces. He hoped that he might find in them the slightest degree of clemency; but it was not there. Several offered to accompany him on the hunt, but he shook his head. "Thanks, boys," he answered, "but I guess I'll be doin' the job myself." For to him it seemed that even this act, the killing of his old favorite, should not go to another; it should be done reverently, but it should be done! And the boys understood.

EARLY the following morning Jim swung astride a cayuse and started toward High Ball Range. Resting upon the saddle horn was a Winchester, the loading of which he nervously examined from time to time. As his mount galloped along the sage-bordered trail he pondered over the queer turn of Fate which had sent him in pursuit of Boomer, to hunt him like a wild animal, to kill the horse with which he had won all honors at the Fair and beaten the racers at their own game, the horse, too, that would nuzzle him with his soft nose and follow like a dog.

Back in Jim's heart, which like most hearts was soft at the core, lurked a real love for good old Boomer.

When he had ridden a half-hour he reached into a pocket of his mackinaw for a pair of light gloves, but found none.

"That's funny," he mumbled; "I always kept 'em there."

Then he looked down and, to his surprise, he learned the reason for his disappointment. He had taken the wrong coat in the dark.

"Buckran's," he said. Then his hand went into the pocket again, and as he drew it out he reined up his horse quickly and gazed as if transfixed at the substance it held. Carefully putting it back, he rode on again, his face white with anger.

About the middle of the forenoon Jim spied the loco and his drove feeding at the head of a box valley which branched off into the range. The puncher recognized the horse standing guard as Boomer, but long before he could ride within gun range the watchful black gave his tail a switch and galloped off into the wooded canyons of the mountains.

Four hours passed before the outlaw was again visible. This time he lingered after his followers had been sent scurrying to safety. As he was partially concealed by trees he allowed Jim to come closer than before, apparently loath to follow his herd. Jim wondered if the broncho had recognized him, and was convinced that he had when a moment later the fugitive neighed, an appealing plea for mercy. In desperation, fearful lest feeling should control his judgment, Jim grasped the rifle and swung the stock to his shoulder. It was a long shot, and somehow it seemed to him that a haze hung persistently over the barrel; quickly as he notched the sights, a tremor shook his arms and a hard, uncomfortable lump rose in his throat. But he took careful aim; then the rifle spoke. The outlaw whirled—it seemed to Jim rather unsteadily—then plunged into the woods, vanishing from sight.

An exclamation of disgust broke from the boy. "What do you know about that! A clean miss!" Gradually though his face lost its hard, determined expression and a pleased smile took its place. "A clean miss! What do you know about that? But maybe next time I—I can—" Words trailed off irresolutely as he rode off in the direction Boomer had taken.

and even then, in this out-of-the-way place, it would be the best of luck if he were found within three or four days. Fears gripped him. His mind conjured up visions that men do not often see. Thirst began its torture; and his head, which had been dealt a stunning blow in the fall, ached terribly. Finally he fell into a feverish sleep.

WHEN he awoke the moon was shining directly down upon him. His horse lay still now, and all through the gully and over the high ridges the quiet of late night prevailed, broken only by the hooting of an owl close at hand. From his position near the bottom of the canyon he surveyed the wooded slope behind him, down which he had pitched, and looked across over the lower ridge which formed the opposite bank of the cut. His attention was attracted by an object moving slowly along its crest. It was a horse! As it walked along the ridge it stopped once in a while as if apprehensive of danger. Jim gazed at it in stupor; there was something peculiarly familiar about its gait and poise. It drew nearer. Then a herd of horses filed out of the woods behind. There before the injured man, not more than fifty yards away, stood the outlaw loco, Boomer!

The horse had scented danger and was uneasy. Some little rustle frightened the locos, sending the drove pell-mell into the timber, but their leader held his place, seeming unwilling to leave the place which his instinct must have told him was filled with danger. For a time Cassidy stared stupidly, unbelievingly; then as a slight movement sent pains darting through his leg, a paradox of anger took hold of him. Here was the cause of his plight. He reached for his rifle and pointed it toward the moon to trim his sights for the shot, then slowly took aim. "Hanged if I'll miss this time."

satisfied that his master meant no harm, he trotted heavily up to the dark form, whinnying softly, eagerly, and laid his nose affectionately upon the face of the prostrate man, while two hands reached up from the ground to stroke the animal's neck, a sure language when words fail.

A half hour later, Jim, his leg splintered crudely to a stick, was astride Boomer and on his way to the V-V. How poor the horse was! A mere shadow of what he had been! His footing, too, was less steady, and his breath came in great wheezing gasps; but he managed to plod on in the labor that love prompted. Sometimes of his own accord he would stop to rest, then without summons resume the journey. Jim was silent, shame and unworthiness fighting for the mastery of his broken spirit. When going seemed especially hard for the animal he would lean over and stroke his neck as he had done so often in the old days—but now blinking hard to keep back the tears that welled in his eyes. At such times his pent-up feelings would occasionally seek relief in words, and he would talk softly to the horse, with a peculiar huskiness in his voice, reasoning, pleading, plighting his love as if the animal understood his every word.

At three o'clock in the morning the loco stopped before the ranch house. The men, inquisitive, questioning, helped the puncher from Boomer. Jim did not explain, but stood balancing himself on his one sound leg, his eyes roving through the group until they rested accusingly on Buckran.

"Boys, I've done a lot of thinking since I turned Boomer loose up yonder in the hills, but it didn't get me anywhere. I had my own idea of why the horse turned loco; but I've never been able to prove anything until now."

Buckran shifted uneasily under his steady gaze.

"This morning when I left camp I got hold of the wrong coat—took Buckran's by mistake. Didn't notice it until I reached in a pocket for a pair of gloves I always carry in mine, but instead of gloves I found this." He held out his hand. "Somebody strike a match and see what you make of it."

The men crowded round, by the light of a flickering match closely scrutinizing in turn a small handful of dry, withered leaf fragments which he held.

"Loco," Barlow concluded, smelling it.

"It's a frame-up," Buckran shouted. "He put it there to frame me."

"I'll leave it to you fellows," Jim coolly concluded. "I got his coat just this mornin'. If I put it there it wouldn't be this dry already, would it?" He gently rubbed some of the leaf fragments into a powder. "That's once you framed yourself, Buck. You never liked Boomer or me very well after that time he spilled you, so you decided to feed him loco, eh?"

Buckran made a lunge at Jim, but two of the men grappled with him.

"It's a lie; the whole thing's a lie and a frame-up," Buckran screamed.

"All right, Jim," Barlow interrupted; "this won't get us anywhere. You go in and get off your feet, and we'll tend to the rest."

And as Jim was assisted to a cot in the bunk-house, the foreman's preparations for a primitive form of justice were going on.

Some time before daylight Jim awoke to find Barlow, the foreman, standing awkwardly by the bed, with all the men except Buckran grouped behind him.

"How's Boomer?" Jim snapped out the question before he was fairly awake.

Barlow hesitated. "Well, I reckon, Jim, that he's—he's better off—died an hour after we got him in the stable."

Jim quickly faced to the wall. When he turned again he slowly pulled from under the covers his right hand—blood stained. The men stared at it uncomprehendingly.

"Didn't you find it?" Jim inquired guiltily. "I—I didn't either till I—I began patting his neck like I used to do. It went plumb through, close to the shoulders." A long pause ensued. "You know I shot at him once yesterday—just once; and I thought I missed him clean—"

When Jim looked up again all the men had filed quietly out; and it was noon, after the visit of the doctor, before he could engage any of them in conversation. Then, as before, Barlow awkwardly headed the delegation into the room.

"I was amin' to ask you," Jim began, "about Buckran."

The foreman grinned. "Well, we tried him; and I'm tellin' yuh that eight men on a tarp can throw a man unmercifully high. And when finally we let him go—well, we let him go for good."



Boomer looked round expectantly, then disappeared into the canyon growth of trees

Until sunset Jim scoured the range in search of the loco, with nothing except empty canyons and bald peaks to meet his gaze. At dusk he turned his mount homeward, a little disappointed but not entirely unhappy at his failure. He was riding down the steep slope of a bluff, and the plucky little cayuse was taking each step with the precision and skill that only a mountain horse acquires. Ahead was indistinctly marked upon the face of the bluff a small dark wash. The broncho hesitated.

"Come, boy," Jim urged.

Obedient to his master, the pony leaped. There was the grating of hoofs upon stone, a terrible pitch down the embankment, a sharp pain; then to Jim everything lapsed into darkness.

When he regained consciousness shooting pains were darting through his right leg, and his thoughts were muddled. He tried to recall where he was and what had happened, but for some time was unable to do so. The moon rose over the opposite ridge, revealing a dark form in the bed of the gully. It stirred and groaned; then he remembered.

Assuming a sitting posture, he examined his leg, which proved to be broken just above the ankle. Jim threw himself flat and railed against the fate which had sent him on this errand. Here he was, his horse apparently dying in the gully below, and his leg broken! He knew that in the hurry of closing the roundup the men probably would not concern themselves about him for a day or two;

But even as he made that vow he hesitated.

"Anyway there's nothing to lose," he finally decided. "I'm goin' to try."

Pursing his lips, he whistled a loud shrill call which echoed startlingly in the stillness of the canyon. At the first note the loco wheeled suddenly to dash away, but stopped, his head uplifted, his belly heaving with deep breaths. He snorted, then pawed uneasily. Jim repeated the call while the fugitive stood as if chiseled from stone, charmed by the quavering notes of that summons of other days. Again and again the whistle echoed through the canyon. For full minute, tense, alert, fearful, the loco hesitated, then slowly, carefully began to pick his way down the ridge. Boomer remembered!

Tears came to Jim's eyes. "He's comin'!" Why, he's—he's comin'!"

The puncher wiped a sleeve across his eyes and tried to whistle again but his lips were quivering so that he could make no sound.

Boomer paused. After an effort Jim regained control of himself and called again. The horse circled guardedly. Every action of the animal told of the fight between love for his old master and fear of man that was going on within him.

"My horse," Jim muttered huskily, then raised his voice. "Come, Boomer baby," finishing with a soft, quavering whistle.

In that voice and that last appealing whistle was the pledge that the horse wanted;

In the eyes of Pete the Polander the factories were grim, inexorable. They called him in the early morning and, immuring him all day long in their dust and clang and clatter, sent him forth at night to drag wearily home to the rows upon rows of houses, each like every other, where he was able to tell his own by the green curtains in the windows and the number on the door.

Not even on that day of days did Peter dare stay away from his work. He went dumbly, fearing, wondering, swinging his dinner pail, in which Mrs. Schultz had crammed an unfamiliar lunch—no such thrifty lunch as Annie had put up for him in the year they had lived together. Mrs. Schultz had filled the pail bountifully out of her own lavish store. "Eat hearty," she admonished him kindly; "eat hearty and don't you t'ink vat happen. Babies! Pooh! Babies iss not'ings. Tonight you come home I guess you have pooty fine boy, hey!"

Pete was frightened because—well, it was all so strange, and he could not get rid of the terrible thought of coming home and hearing that all had not gone well. Had he dared, he would have stayed from the mills.

Mrs. Schultz waved to him from the window and smiled. But Pete could not smile back at her, for Annie had made those green curtains, and Annie—was not there to wave at him.

Falling in with the long line of workers pouring from the stereotyped rows of houses, Pete passed the mill gate, checked in and found his way to the third floor. Taciturn always, one of hundreds in the great room, he told none of his fellow-workers the secret, but worked away at the lathe in a preoccupation so absorbing that he failed to hear the foreman speak his name and was reprimanded in front of everyone for not paying attention to business.

They all laughed, and a girl they called Roxie laughed louder than the rest. "I guess," she cried shrilly above the uproar of the room, "I guess, Pete, he got a girl maybe."

And when Pete made no reply she called him a "grouch" and found a livelier conversationalist.

Overhead but low—dangerously low, the insurance inspector had told the superintendent emphatically—was the main shaft from which belts ran to all parts of the room. As the swiftly-moving belts carried the power from the shaft to the long ranks of lathes, the roar of the room seemed to emanate from the vibrant hum of the whirling metal cylinder. Its impetus was tremendous. Each lathe could be thrown out of connection with the main shaft and stopped, but, because the power plant was some distance away, the

shaft itself could not be stopped without considerable delay.

At eight o'clock a strong draft of cold air began to blow through an open window, sweeping across the tables where the girls were working. Some one spoke of the draft, and when the foreman passed the girls commented on it in louder voices; but he paid no attention. Presently Roxie got up and, glancing at him, went over to shut the window, which was directly under the power shaft. She had to kneel on a high stool in order to close it tightly. The roar of machinery was loud in the room, and the building gave forth a drone that drowned all noises at any distance. But suddenly, sounding the length and the breadth of the room, penetrating even to the floors above and below, bringing men and women alike to their

feet in horror, came a woman's scream.

They were slow to think and slow to act, those people trained to routine labor. But to one man in the room the woman's cry came with strangely direct appeal, and for once in his life Pete the Polander felt the scales that stultifying routine had placed on his eyes drop away. It was in the nature of a miracle, yet it was not difficult to understand.

At the scream, he leaped to his feet and turned toward the window. And there he saw Roxie, with her hair caught on the whirling shaft, lifted from her feet and drawn against the swiftly revolving metal. There was blood on her face, and her lips were blue; with her toes barely touching the overturned stool, she hung like Absalom, helpless. Now the cylinder was revolving in the folds of hair that were twisted round it;

but if any irregularity in the metal should catch a single strand, or if she should slide but a bare inch toward the belt that ran so close to her, she would be drawn up and crushed—her scalp would be torn away.

In all that roomful of people only Pete the Polander, ordinarily so slow of wit, realized what must be done.

From his bench he snatched the broadest chisel and, running past the hysterical girls, stepped behind the helpless Roxie. In terror lest the girl's tangled hair might catch and cause her death at the very moment when help had come to her, he reached up and pushed the blade against the steel shaft and began to cut her hair away. He worked swiftly. Now he got the blade between her head and the cylinder; now only a little was left to be cut. Suddenly before his eyes the hair tightened, and the girl moaned. With one thrust Pete cut her free, and she fell on the floor, unconscious. But he had made the thrust without thought.

The blade of the chisel slipped, Pete's sleeve was caught by the belt, his arm was dragged up by the power of the shaft, and he was jerked off the floor.

With a quick motion he locked his feet round the leg of the tall bench by the window. In that instant he realized that he must at any cost keep himself away from the spinning cylinder. *At any cost!* There were only the Schultzes to take care of Annie—the good, kind Schultzes, but with seven of their own. *At any cost!* It was terrible while it lasted, but he bore it without a sound. The belt tore away the sleeve of his coat, and his arm was broken on the cylinder; but when the cloth ripped, he fell to the floor and knew that at least why he was not going to die.

Down in the office where the doctor set his arm they talked about presence of mind—which embarrassed him because he did not know what they meant—and about keeping up his pay while he was out and sending some one round to see if there was anything he needed. Although he didn't understand why they should say all these things, it gave him a new and not unpleasant sensation. And they sent him home in the manager's car.

He had only seen the manager's car at a distance before. He had never expected to have an opportunity to ride in it.

It seemed very strange to be coming back in the middle of the forenoon, and he could not quite realize why Mrs. Schultz was smiling so happily with tears in her eyes. Then through the open door he saw Annie in bed, so white and wan, but smiling too. And in the old clothes basket on the chair was something he had never seen before.



From his bench, Pete snatched the broadest chisel and, running past the hysterical girls, stepped behind the helpless Roxie

"WHEN I was a young man my close friend was Nitaina," said Old Red Eagle, as we sat around his lodge fire in the big camp on Cow Creek one evening in February, 1878.

I remembered Nitaina—Lone Chief—a tall, straight, fine-featured, quiet and reserved old man. Only the winter before his shadow had gone forth to the Sand Hills, unhappy abode of the Blackfeet dead.

"Nitaina was of my own clan, the Small Robes," Red Eagle continued. "We were born at about the same time, grew up together, and always where one of us was there was the other. Together we joined a party on our first war trail, and were both successful, returning home each with a scalp and some horses. The raid had been against the Assiniboines, away down on Milk River.

"In the summer following there came a heavy rain that continued for five or six days and made rivers of small streams, and lakes in every depression of the plains. The whole country was under water; the roar of the floods was like steady and distant thunder. The medicine men had been praying for rain, that the berries might be plentiful and large and sugary. They now prayed for the rain to cease so furious was

the storm the men could not hunt. The horses had disappeared, and there was no track of them. The camp ran out of meat and began to starve.

"The sixth night of the storm the clouds broke away, and we once more saw Night Light and her children in the clear sky. Everyone rejoiced at the sight of them. The hunters prepared to scatter out from camp at daybreak. Nitaina and I started before that time and were quite a long distance out when the sun came up. The long coulees were still running bank full, but we did not mind that and plunged across them, holding our guns and ammunition high above our heads to keep them dry. The storm had been from the east; we travelled west, and before mid-day found our horses and many other bands

belonging to the camp. We each of us roped a horse to ride and arranged with an old man who had followed us to drive our bands home, we to go on and hunt and give him a share of whatever we might kill.

"Away out on the plain north from where we found the horses were many buffalo. We rode almost to them, then made a sneak to the nearest of the bands, and each killed an animal. It did not take us long to make double pouches of the hides, throw them across our horses' backs and fill them with meat; then, climbing on top of them, we started home.

"We presently came to the edge of a very wide, long lake of rain water. The bottom of it was very soft and bad footing for the horses, but, rather than make a big circle

round, we rode straight into it. Ahead, away out in the middle, was a small island, not more than the width of three hands above the water, and on it sat two wolves watching us. As we neared them they became uneasy; they would walk and trot round and round the shore, go to the center of the grassy spot and lower their heads, and then, after a long look at us, trot round again. 'They have some young ones there. Let us go see them,' I proposed, and Nitaina nodded his head in assent.

"The old wolf and his mate did not leave the island until we were near, and then they splashed only a little way out into the water, and stopped and howled. We could have shot them, but powder and balls were scarce, and only to be used for killing meat; and at that season wolf hides were worthless. Splashing along through the lake and often almost miring down, the horses finally brought us to the island; and there, in the center, at the edge of a big, water-filled hole, lay close to the ground and trembling a lone wolf pup—little, fuzzy, fluffy-tailed, weak-eyed thing. And in the water, right in front of its black little nose, floated several of its drowned brothers and sisters. 'Oh, how pitiful! What a poor, scared, shivering little one it is!' Nitaina cried. 'We can't kill it, can we?'

"'No, we can't,' I agreed. 'See how it

Laughter—The Tale of a Tame Wolf

By JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ

Illustrated by PAUL BRANSON

trembles; how it looks at us and turns its head away! Young as it is, it understands its father's and mother's cries: It knows that it is in danger.'

"I am going to take it," Nitaina said, 'take it home and feed it and make it grow fast. It may perhaps become a useful companion to us.'

"I made no objection, and he jumped from his horse and, taking the little thing by the neck, lifted it into his arms. It did not offer to bite. It trembled more than ever and tried to hide its head between my friend's left arm and body. It was a male pup."

"We rode on, and the old wolves circled round and back to the island and howled and howled. All their children but one had drowned, and now that one was taken from them; they felt very sad; the father as well as the mother. Wolves are not like dogs, you know. A dog father knows not his own children. A wolf marries, and he and his wife live always together until death. When children come, he hunts for them, and brings food for them and watches over them faithfully while the mother goes out to hunt and run round and keep up her strength. Ah, they are wise, true-hearted animals, the big wolves of the plains. And what hunters they are! They never suffer from want of food."

"WE brought the wolf pup into camp and to Nitaina's lodge, and set it down by the side of a big, old dog that herself had three pups of about its age; and, strangely enough, she began to lick it and nurse it just as if it were one of her own young ones. Other dogs, getting the wolf scent, came mad and growling to kill it. She rushed at them so savagely and bit them so hard that they all ran howling away. Nitaina's mother cut some meat into small pieces and held them before the wolf pup in the palm of her hand; it ate them quickly, every piece. It was hungry for meat and ate it every day for a long time before the dog pups of its age would touch it, and it grew very fast—much faster than the others."

"Nitaina made a great pet of the wolf pup, and it soon learned to love him and follow him round wherever he went in camp. When it grew up, he named it Laugher (Ai-im-ipits) because it was fond of standing up and putting its paws on his shoulders, and it was like a dog. It would wag its tail when happy, and it was very playful; but, unlike a dog, it did not bark, or, rather howl, when playing. At night it would stand outside the lodge and listen to its own kind howling away out on the plain and answer them, and every little while run into the lodge to Nitaina and look up in his face and whine, as if it wanted its master to go with it out to those unknown brothers. It seemed afraid to go alone away from camp. Then Nitaina would say: 'No, Laugher, no. We can't go out there; lie down.' And the wolf would turn round and round and drop down on the couch beside him."

"Until Laugher was about ten moons of age he was afraid of the camp dogs and always ran to his master or his lodge when they took after him. They all hated him, all the males. The females liked him, and the young ones often played with him. But when he was about grown he one day fought. He tore a big dog so that it died, and after that he had no fear of the other dogs in camp. They could have killed him and would have done so but for one thing: these dogs ran in cliques. That is, the dogs belonging to one lodge were all friends and partners in everything, but they were always at war with the dogs of every other lodge. Those of a certain lodge would get together and, watching their chance, fall upon Laugher; but the fight would no more than start before other bands would rush in and it would be dog against dog instead of all against wolf. Laugher could outfight any one dog, or any two or three. He did not bite and hang on; he had very long, sharp teeth, and was a slasher instead of a biter, and he never stood still. He would rush at an enemy's flank and make one snap as he passed and often rip its whole side open."

As we neared the wolves they became uneasy; they would walk and trot round, go to the center of the grassy spot and lower their heads

"Although Laugher loved Nitaina and his mother, he was not friendly to anyone else, and many people he really hated, always ruffing forward his back hair and showing his teeth when they came near. He didn't do this to me, who was with his master so constantly; he would even take meat that I offered him. On the other hand, he showed not the least liking for me, and never would obey any order I gave him."

"During that first winter of Laugher's life Nitaina taught him many things. He taught him to help round up and drive our horse herd; to chase and pull down wounded game; to lead a horse by its rope; to carry a pack, and to sneak along behind us when we were approaching game. By the time green grass came he was more wise, more useful than any dog in the whole camp."

"Green grass time is war time. Nitaina and I decided to join the big party that was going on a raid against the Spotted Horses People (the Cheyennes), but when the leader of it heard that Laugher was going with us he said that we could not join unless the wolf was left at home."

"Now, if Laugher had been a dog, the leader of the party would have been right enough. About the worst thing a war party could do would be to take a dog, for dogs will bark and betray the fact that there are people."

"Nitaina explained to the chief that Laugher was different; that he would in many

We got ready and started out on our own trail, Laugher, with head and tail up, taking the lead. We went east, bound for the country of the Sioux.

"At this time our people were encamped on the Willows round the bottom of the Marias River (in Blackfoot, Kyai-is-i-sak-ta, Bear River). We followed the stream down to the point where it joins the Missouri, and there cut across the plains for the western end of the Bear Paw Mountains, travelling only at night. We were one night and part of another going from the river to the pines on the westernmost butte of the range. Night Light was shining bright in the sky; there was a cool wind; and so we made fast time. On the second night, as we approached the foot of the butte, Laugher suddenly stopped and sniffed the wind. Then he ran up the hill with long, swift leaps, chased something that we could dimly see running and knocked it to the ground. We found that he had caught and killed a young antelope. It was his first kill on the trip, and his very first one of un wounded game, and he was proud of what he had done. He wagged his tail, jumped up against Nitaina and laughed, and licked his face, as much as to say: 'Just see what I have done. I can kill meat for you.'

"We were glad that he had caught the antelope. We were out of meat and did not like to fire a gun and so make known our whereabouts to any war party prowling in

top of the mountain we hurried to build a little war house to hide a fire on which to cook the meat, and by the time we had finished eating the day broke. We then went out on a rock-faced point, or cliff, and sat down to have a good look at the country between us and the Missouri, and to the west. Nowhere was any smoke rising or game running; the plains were covered with buffalo, so we concluded that neither camp nor war party was anywhere out there, and we moved across the butte for a look at the plains to the north. Conditions there were also peaceful, so we lay down for a sleep, Laugher stretching out beside his master.

"We were both light sleepers. Every little while one or the other of us would wake and sit up and look out over the plains and all round. So we passed the day until late afternoon and would have slept longer had not Laugher roused us by growling and then rushing away from us down the timbered slope to the east. We sprang up gun in hand, expecting to find enemies approaching, but saw instead a big grizzly bear and her two cubs, about fifty steps away. She had been pawing a rotten log and was now sitting straight up watching Laugher, who was standing near her and trying to get her scent. This was the first bear he had ever seen, and he did not know what to make of it.

"We were not glad to see that grizzly. The hunters always let the beasts alone, unless mounted on good, swift horses and in open country. The animals are very hard to kill and will often keep coming and fighting long after a ball has torn through their lungs or other vital parts. Also, some time was required to reload one of those old flint-lock guns, and a wounded grizzly was certain to get the hunter before he could fire a second shot. So we stood perfectly still, hoping that the grizzly would soon go away. Apparently she had not noticed us. She kept staring at Laugher, and once in a while turned her head to look at the cubs, pawing and nosing the ground twenty or thirty steps off to her right.

"LAUGHER did not see these—his eyes were all for the old bear, until one of them bit the other and it squaled. Then he turned and looked at them, and sprang toward the spot where they quarreled. The wind, what little there was, came from the south, and so he had not caught the scent of the bears, nor had the old mother caught our scent. But when he was passing to the north of her and was almost on the cubs he stopped short; there came to him there the rank, sickening bear odor, and it frightened him. He whirled and started straight back toward us, and the old bear started after him. I was about to fire at her when Nitaina cried out to me: 'Don't shoot. Run. Climb a tree.'

"Just back of us were some low branching young pines. Thither we ran, and each took to a tree, just as Laugher caught up with his master and tried to climb after him. I was obliged to drop my gun in order to reach the nearest branch of my tree and safety. Nitaina's tree had lower branches; he carried his gun with him; but suddenly a branch broke from his weight and he tumbled to the ground just in front of the bear. In his fall he struck Laugher, who bounced out of the way; the bear made a swipe at the wolf and missed, and continued to chase him, passing with a big leap by Nitaina there at the foot of the tree.

"The old bear chased Laugher round and round our trees for some time, he easily keeping out of her reach. She was very fat and soon began to froth at the mouth; but she was so angry that she kept after him until her wind gave out; then she left him and went back to her cubs. She took them down the mountain and out of sight. We then slid to the ground, picked up our guns and went the other way, out to the south side of the butte. The country was still quiet. We descended the slope to a spring, drank, and ate the remains of the antelope meat.

"We went the length of the Bear Paw



The old bear chased Laugher round and round our trees for some time, he easily keeping out of her reach

ways be a help instead of a hindrance. But the chief objected, saying that he felt the animal was bad medicine. That made us angry. 'Oh, very well, we don't have to go with you,' Nitaina said, and we didn't go.

the country. And, besides, we had very little powder and ball. Life itself might depend upon a single charge of it. We dressed the antelope and packed it along, taking turns carrying it. When we reached the timber on

range, crossed the gap in which the Middle creek heads, and went on down the length of the Wolf Mountains ("Little Rockies" of the Blackfeet), keeping high up and traveling in the day time. On our last day on these peaks we were crossing a rounding, bare rock butte when Laugher, in the lead, suddenly stopped, put his nose down to the rock and sniffed and ruffed up the long hair on neck and shoulders; then he looked at us, whined and sniffed the rock again. Said Nitaina: 'Either a war party or a bear has recently passed that place. Let's be very careful how we show ourselves.'

"We crept on to the place where Laugher awaited us, but of course could find no tracks of anything on the hard rocks. Nitaina patted Laugher on the back. 'Go on,' he said, 'go on, find out what it is.'

"We were a little south of the butte and somewhat below the summit. Laugher started straight toward the summit, walking slowly, smelling the rock, and working his ears; often he looked back at us, creeping after him. He reached the top of the butte and stopped. We crept almost to him and little by little raised our heads until we could look down the north side; not a living thing was in sight. But on this north slope heavy pine timber grew well up within shooting distance of where we lay; looking into it, we discovered a thin fog of smoke that did not show above the tree tops. We knew that a war party was there, cooking meat in a war house. The wind just at the time shifted and swirled, and we smelled the smoke; we even got the odor of meat on the hot coals. Laugher sat down on his haunches, pointed his nose straight up toward the sky and howled. Nitaina, whispering, scolded him. He paid no attention and howled again, and two men came to the edge of the timber and

looked at him. They were Sioux. That was certain by the way each of them wore an eagle tail feather at the back of the head. We did not, we dared not, move. 'If they come, we will kill them and then run,' I whispered.

"Yes,' Nitaina answered.

"But they did not come out of the timber. After looking at Laugher a short time, one of them called out something to the others by the fire. Some one answered, and he and his comrade turned and went back. They were no sooner out of sight than we drew away from the summit, and then ran down the south slope as fast as we could go, never stopping until we reached the shelter of some cottonwoods along a little stream at the foot of the butte. There we drank much water and rested, and Nitaina hugged Laugher. It had been our intention to go to the top of the butte and take a good long rest and a careful look at the country round. Had it not been for the wolf we would have done so, and right there would have been the end of our trail.

"WE remained in the cottonwoods until night, keeping close watch on the bare butte and the two lookouts who had come up on it soon after our flight. Toward sundown they were joined by the rest of the party, twenty and more, and in the dusk we saw them start off to the west along the very way by which we had come. They were evidently heading for our own Blackfeet country. We had little fear that they would do our people harm; the young men were closely guarding the horse herds of the camp. We took our escape as a good sign, and went on.

"In the first light of a morning some days later, we looked out from a patch of brush on the rim of the plain and saw below us in the valley of Milk River a great Sioux camp.

Nowhere round it were there any loose horses; they had all been kept in among the lodges during the night, and now the guards were turning them out to graze. Each band following its leader, some on the run and some hungrily feeding, they scattered up and down the big bottom and up toward the plains. Said Nitaina: 'It will be useless for us to try to go into the camp and choose the best animals. As soon as these two bands pass us and go out of sight of camp on the plain, let's round them up and go.'

"I agreed with him that it was the only thing to do. As a band passed near us, we discovered that one of the animals was a big, fast buffalo runner that had been stolen from Nitaina's father the summer before. That made us happy. We would have it and many others as payment for the killings the Sioux had made during the winter. We waited until both bands had passed out on the plain, and then uncoiling our lariats, we took after them. As we sneaked back out of the brush several early hunters were riding away from the camp. 'They will soon be after us. Hurry,' I called out to Nitaina.

"We had no trouble in catching each of us a good, strong horse. Then, making a bridle of the rope, we mounted and herded the two bands into one and headed westward as fast as we could go. Laugher was a big help in this. The horses feared him. He kept running this way and that behind them, snapping at the heels of the slower ones, which did their best to keep out of his reach. On and on we went, and before long a couple of riders, then a big bunch of them, came in sight on our trail. A few of them slowly gained on us; we roped fresh horses and went on. There was where we had the advantage. The Sioux had each of them but the one mount. We kept changing to fresh ones every little way,

and by the time the sun reached the middle we were apparently free from our pursuers. But we took no chances. We rode as fast as we could all that day, and, after a short rest at sundown, all the following night. And after that we kept on day and night, with short but more and more frequent rests, until we again struck the mouth of the Marias River.

"We now felt safe from pursuit and prepared for a good rest, though not in the timbered bottom. After a feast of buffalo meat that we had killed, we watered the horses, drove them up on the point of the plain between the two rivers and, picketing two of them, lay down. We were to sleep by turns. It was my first watch, and, without knowing what I was doing, I also fell asleep. I was awakened by a shout from Nitaina. 'Mount! Mount!' he cried. 'See what is coming!'

"I sprang up and saw a number of men running from the breaks of the Missouri toward the horse herd. I ran to my animal, freed the rope and got on him. Nitaina was already astride. Away we went for the herd and started it. The war party was now close and shooting at us. We did not fire even a shot at them. We had no time. By good luck we got away from them with the loss of but one horse, killed by a stray bullet. Again it was Laugher who had saved us. He had seen the enemy coming, had whined and had nosed Nitaina until he awakened. Ha! He was a smart one, that wolf.

"The next evening we rode into camp with our big band raising the dust ahead of us. So ended that raid, successful only because of Laugher, as I have said."

"What became of the wolf?" I asked.

"Ha! That is another story," the old man answered. "But not tonight. Go home, all of you. It is time to sleep."

A CRES of fire there were, in great forward-bending waves of red. It was moving terrifically in a strong wind, the advance line shooting ahead in vivid leaps, the flames rising and bowing and rising again. Even where they waited in safety they could feel the heat from the great field of fire. It rushed on down the valley, leaving smoking blackness behind it. It was wonderful!

But fearful too! Mrs. Glasgow shivered as she looked.

"What if somebody's house is in it!" said Janet.

"Oh, no!" cried her mother.

"No houses in that slough," said Mr. Glasgow. "Men will be getting ready for it at the other end, plowing and back-firing. They will stop it."

It looked as if nothing would ever stop it.

"I wish I could be nearer," said Janet.

"We'll have a little one of our own some day when that forty is plowed round and it's safe," answered her father. "Then you can get near enough to warm your toes, if that's what you want."

But the plowed band around the forty was still narrow. The grass was growing tall, too, and made plowing harder. But the wind was never just right for burning. "We'll take no risks," said Mr. Glasgow.

"Don't want the garden burned up," said Mr. Gard. "We could build another house, but Janet might balk on making another garden."

Then on a morning Janet wakened very early. She and Aleck slept on pallets on the floor, for there was not room for enough beds. The floor seemed very hard, now that she was awake, and she seemed to have been lying a long time on it. Sleeping on the floor was all right if you stayed asleep; but it was unwise to wake up. Janet did not go to sleep again, though she tried hard to do so. She lay very still and looked through the open door. It was very dim and early—a pale darkness after the black darkness. She could see a thicker whiteness down where the mist collected in the valley. She wished she were outdoors to see it all. It was very rarely that she wakened so early—and the floor was harder than usual.

VERY cautiously she drew her clothes toward her and slipped them on and in a minute she was outside, no one knowing but herself. Such quietness and sweet dimness. It was as if it all belonged to her alone. Even

and glowed there before her eyes, like the richest thing in this daybreak world.

Suddenly she wheeled Pronto and urged him back toward the house. "Fire!" she began to shout as they neared the house, "Fire!" as they galloped roughly over the plowing. "Fire! Fire!" at the sleeping doorway. Mr. Gard was up instantly from his tent-bed with a "Where?" as if he had not been asleep at all, and a look all about the house. And in the same moment her father's questioning face was at the little window. It was not a minute until they were all outside, half-dressed, and the men were running southward and Janet was cantering breathlessly with them. Already the fire was beginning to march down the face of the opposite hill. Already blackness showed above the crimson border. And the rising wind was blowing brightly on it and urging it forward.

"How can green grass burn so?" panted Janet.

"Dry grass at the roots," Mr. Gard took time to answer. But without a word in consultation the two men were off to where the horses were tethered. "No hope in water," they said to Mrs. Glasgow. "There's hardly time to plow, but—get things in the wagons. We can run them down to the creek." And they were hurrying their plows out to the narrow piece of breaking which lay between them and the fire. Most of the plowing lay at right angles to this, and would have been broad enough to hold back a fire, but the narrow piece itself made only a slender line. Closer to the house was another line, broadened by Janet's half-acre. But would either of them hold the fire?

"Here, Janet," said Mrs. Glasgow, "take these to the creek and bring them back soaking." She piled old sacks and canvas on Pronto's back. "Aleck, take this pail and bring as much water as you can."

Janet came back with her load dripping over Pronto's haunches. A wagon was nearly full already. But the air was cloudy now. "Take these wet things out there," said Mrs. Glasgow. "We'll use quilts too if we have to."

Janet dashed back to the breaking. The men were quivering and rushing their horses in to the fence, the animals snorting and quivering. The fire was but a few yards from the plowing now.

"But it can't get across!" cried Janet.

"Can't it!" said Mr. Gard. And before the horses were secured, a

The Gathering Storm

By MARGARET LYNN

Illustrated by GAYLE HOSKINS

IN FOURTEEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER SIX



All the men looked sadly and angrily at the fire. Then Roberts saw Janet. "Janet!" he cried. "My heavens, child!"

Mr. Gard was not stirring inside his little tent. She stood still a moment, looking at sky and grass. Even in the east there was but the faintest color. She resolved to rise thus early often. But contemplation never satisfied Janet long. She presently heard Pronto moving at his tether and cropping a bit of breakfast. She would ride a little, she determined, no one knowing but herself and Pronto. It was an adventure. Pronto thought so too and capered a bit as they cantered in a wide circle about the Barmán place. The air was fresh and cool in their faces. And it was measureless!

As they turned about in a curve toward home again they met the wind fairly. It was

blowing stronger. And suddenly Janet knew that there was more than clear air in that wind. She sniffed and sniffed. It was smoke undoubtedly. Smoke out in the open, on an early morning like this! The oftener she tested it the stronger it seemed. But it was nowhere about the house. She turned Pronto's willing head to the south and rode over the crown of the hill.

There she stopped. On the top of the far hill opposite, a line of fire edged the sky, bright red between pale sky and dim grass. It was a quick, clear thing, like a living edge to the earth, a burning horizon. Janet drew a long eager breath as she looked. This was what one got for rising so early. It glowed

blaze racing ahead of the rest touched the farther edge of the plowing, hung a moment erect, and with a strong gust of wind leaped across. Mr. Glasgow caught up one of Janet's wet sacks and rushed to the flame, beating it out. But another had followed. Janet had tethered Pronto and ran with another sack, beating and beating as her father did. But these flames were only the vanguard. The workers darted from blaze to blaze with their dripping weapons. Smoke was in their eyes and fire often in their faces. The grass seemed almost to welcome the flames, so quickly did it blaze out at a touch. And the line of it was too long. There were not hands enough. When the red was beaten out at the right it rushed across again at the left. Janet choked and gasped, burned her hand and then her arm. At last, in the space between her and her father, a flame leaped across, ran ahead, and made the grass its own. While they looked in horror another farther down sped after it.

"Oh!" cried Janet. And her father looked despairing. They could only run backward from it now. Would the next plowing hold? It was not much wider than this. And the wind still blew.

"What's Mr. Gard doing?" cried Janet. "Is he crazy?" she exclaimed.

Her father turned to look. Gard was setting fire to the grass a few yards from the other plowing, carrying along a line of fire parallel to the furrows. As if there were not fire enough!

"Yes!" said Mr. Glasgow. "He's a quicker prairie man than I am. Come on!" he was running to carry fire also.

Puzzled and hence a little bit indignant, Janet obeyed.

"Get over on the plowing!" shouted Mr. Gard, rising from his task. But he saw Janet's face and explained, "This is back-burning. It can't get strong enough in this little space to jump far, and we'll put it out at the edge of the breaking. Ready, sister!"

So, smoke and wind in their faces, they watched the edge of the grass, and where the new fire did not die of itself they beat it to death. Mr. Gard took the section by the garden and saw that no harm came to it. The other blazing line was hurrying toward them. Finally the last red of the back-fire was out, and on its black space was nothing for coming flame to feed on.

They drew back at last, anxiously, and stood together waiting. No one said anything. The house was nearly stripped, if it must go. The horses were unhitched from the plows, ready to be run down to the creek. The wagons were almost filled. Mrs. Glasgow thought of last things to do and went back and forth on errands. Aleck complained of the hurt to his eyes and went into the house. "Maybe it'll be the last time," he said seriously. Janet flung her arms about Pronto's neck to tell him not to be afraid. The men only stood and watched.

The red line came nearer, marching evenly. They dreaded and wished for the minute when it should reach the edge of the burnt sod. The wind behind pushed it on, and its own hunger led it. At last the most urgent flame reached the limit, ran up the stem of a brown weed, hung there a minute flickering and then dropped away. A few yards along another blaze rushed at the margin, flung wing of fire far out and whipped off. It fell in the blackened sod and ended. A stronger one mounted higher and with a gust of wind was thrown clear of the sod, reaching the breaking. It caught some withered grass in the turned ground, crept a few inches and died. Again and again that happened. The barrier was holding.

They stood and watched still, with the heat and smoke in their faces, until the whole length of red had met the charred sod and in turn died out. The whole green field lay smoky and black. Then the sun began to come up and the wind died.

"Well, that party's over," said Mr. Gard. But the others said nothing at all, not even Janet.

They all ran down to the spring to wash up, since no one could carry up enough water for such wholesale cleansing.

Mrs. Glasgow and Aleck put things back in place and got a breakfast, and it was still early morning.

"Well," said Mr. Glasgow comfortably, "I hadn't had the courage yet to do it myself. But I'm glad it's done, and no harm to us."

"Isn't the grass spoiled?" asked Aleck solicitously.

"No, it will be good for it. And much easier to plow. We needed that."

"Janet," asked her mother, "how did you find it out? Where were you?"

"I was out enjoying the morning," said Janet.

They all laughed. But they looked very kindly upon her.

"Well, it's lucky," said her father. And no one reproved her at all.

"But who started it?" asked Mr. Gard gravely. They had not been asking that question yet.

"Oh, do you think—" began Mrs. Glasgow.

"Who starts a fire at four o'clock in the morning? And who waits until there's a high south wind and no rain near?"

That made them more sober. "Well," said Mr. Glasgow at last, "they didn't do us a bad turn, whatever they wanted to do. We'll pretend it was spontaneous combustion. That's one thing they can't do again this year, anyway."

THE next day Roger Stivers came riding out, Seth Roberts and Larry Hosmer with him.

"Well, you've changed your complexion!" he said, looking toward the blackened slope beyond them. "What's this I hear about your turning into a fire company?" He looked at Janet and smiled down at her, and so did the others.

"We're thinking of organizing a fire brigade in Lawrence," said Seth Roberts. "We think you'd make a good chief. What we want is somebody that will always give the alarm in time."

Janet screwed up her mouth in an embarrassed smile. But she did like these men who had so much to say to her. Back in Ohio men had not always taken so much notice of little girls. Larry Hosmer did not laugh at all. He looked very seriously at the burns on her hands and asked if they hurt.

They did hurt, but Janet was trying not to say anything about it. Her father had been burned much worse. "Come on and show me where you saw it first," said Larry. "Can't I get your pony?" And he picked up the saddle and went for Pronto.

The older men looked after him as he went. "He's lonesome as the Dickens," said Roger Stivers. "Comes out of a big family and gets tired of us old men. Even Seth here palls on him, though he thinks he's young."

"He's a nice boy," said Seth with an elderly air, "almost too young to know what he's here for."

"Oh, no, he isn't. He has all the makings of a pioneer. But the process is complex for him."

Then Larry came up with Pronto, and he and Janet rode back across the burned ground and on to the place where the fire had been started, a spot marked by no camping or anything, only the broad beginning of a fire. Janet told Larry the whole story of the morning. She had not had a chance to tell it to anyone before, and she loved to tell a story. He made as much of a heroine of her as she could have wished anyone to do. She didn't really think she was a heroine, but it was pleasant to have it said. And it gave him a chance to bring in the name of his little sister, and gradually many facts about his brothers and sisters. Janet asked him many questions about them.

"You know men aren't interested in hearing about one's home people," he said. So Janet asked him still further.

When they came back to the house the older ones were settled for a talk, even Mr. Gard.

"Any news?" he asked. He always asked that of everyone, and it made the household think that he would like to be in Lawrence himself, where one knew what was going on.

"Well, not exactly news. That is, nothing executed. But a great deal threatened," Stivers hardly ever looked so serious as he did today. "Jones's deputies have been in and out of Lawrence, making a great show of trying to arrest men he claims to have warrants against."

"What for?"

"They have some warrants left over from last winter, for the men who rescued Branston when he was unjustly taken. They're always going around looking for those men—and those are the ones that usually stay away from Lawrence. But now they want something more. They are declaring that anyone who speaks against the bogus constitution is a traitor. And in the bogus constitution it is a crime to speak against slavery. So you see how conversation is to be impeded. They could get a warrant out for something against any of us any day."

"But Congress hasn't accepted that constitution," said Mrs. Glasgow.

"Only the Federal judge and Federal marshal act as if it had. Representing the government doesn't hamper their actions any."

"They've been holding a grand jury," went on Seth Roberts, "and have issued indictments charging the Lawrence newspapers with treason and naming the new hotel as a center of sedition. They talk as if it were built for a fort. And Eldridge is just getting it well furnished and ready to open as a hotel. He is very uneasy."

"Treason is a big word," said Mr. Gard.

"It's an exciting word," said Stivers. "Whether it means anything or not, it sounds like a good handle."

"Of course," added Roberts, "what they want most is an excuse to attack Lawrence. If they could scatter us and burn up the town, it would be a good day for them."

"Oh—would they do that?" exclaimed Mrs. Glasgow. And Janet drew a long excited breath.

"They think they would. All they want is a good way to go at it, and any kind of excuse. The noble Senator Atchison is spending most of his time out here organizing the border ruffians."

"Will you let them?" put in Janet. She could not help it.

"You are a young lady to hit the nail on the head!" said Roger Stivers. But they looked very grim. These men could have a stern look which Janet had never seen on any men before.

"That's our problem," explained Seth Roberts.

"We don't want to let them," said Larry Hosmer, his young face very iron-like—very strange.

"You see," began Stivers, talking directly to Janet, as if she deserved to understand it because she was listening so hard, "we don't want to fight any more than we have to. We came out here peacefully, and we want the government to think we are peaceful. We'll fight if we have to, but we always want the other fellow to start the fighting and be the most to blame. Last fall when the Missourians came against Lawrence we gathered up a troop for defense, all the men round here. We were ready to fight, though they numbered far more than we did. And at last they went back home without attacking us. But now all this hostility is in the name of the government, and, though we know it is wrong and does not fairly represent the government, yet it looks bad for us to resist it. So this time we are not fortifying Lawrence or calling in our friends to protect it. Do you see?" No one else could look so stern and so kind as Roger Stivers.

"Yes—thank you," answered Janet, a little embarrassed at having all this addressed to her.

Finally the men mounted again and were ready to ride away. She said good-by a little coolly, even to Larry Hosmer. But they were now so eager over their talk that they seemed to have forgotten her. While the others were still arguing she saw Mr. Stivers make a quiet sign to her father, who went to him. They talked a little, out of hearing of the others. At last he too rode on, saying over

his shoulder, "Nothing may come of it." And her father made no comment on what his friend had been telling him.

JANET went off to work in her garden. She had been having such a good time, listening like a grown person, and then all at once they had laughed at her.

Mr. Gard came and leaned on the fence-rail.

"Want some help?" he asked.

"No, thank you," said Janet. Of course she wanted help. There was always a lot to do.

"Got your back up a little, didn't you?"

Janet said nothing.

"That wasn't anything, sister. They were laughing at themselves, and feeling sore too. They have sent men east—you asked all right,—and it didn't do any good. You'd think it would, but it didn't, not yet. Congress is still scared of the South. And only last week Doctor Robinson started to Washington, and he was arrested in Missouri, without any warrant, and brought back here. He's in jail right now. You see those men were laughing on the other side of their mouths, sister."

Janet maintained her dignity for a little while longer, carefully weeding her radishes and not looking up. "If," she said seriously, a little severely, "you would always tell me all about everything, I wouldn't ask foolish questions."

But she felt better.

LARRY HOSMER came out at supper time the next night, riding fast and looking very serious. He did not dismount but called to Mr. Glasgow through the door. Janet, who was beginning to regard Hosmer as her special friend, wanted to go to the door, but her mother made a restraining gesture and Janet sat still. The men talked a little, quietly, and then Larry rode away. He peered through the doorway and waved a hand at Janet but dashed away like a black streak on the green. Mr. Glasgow sat down again without saying anything.

At last he spoke. "Hosmer tells me that they are talking of arresting me."

"Hugh!" cried his wife.

"Ye-es!" said Mr. Gard.

The children looked horrified, so horrified that their father smiled at them. "Don't be so shocked. Your father is not bringing shame and disgrace on you."

"But, father, you haven't done anything!"

"Well, that man Higgins that has passed the time of day with me has a complaint against me."

"Assault and battery, eh?" said Mr. Gard.

"He's probably trumped up something else. Perhaps Barman's behind it. Maybe it's treason to get a good piece of land they wanted. They're sore anyway. They don't have to be logical."

"I don't see why they pick on a newcomer. You haven't been so mighty conspicuous yet."

"No. It's quite a compliment. It puts me almost in the class with Robinson and Reeder."

Janet left her place to come and stand beside her father. "Father, where is the jail?" she asked.

He laughed, with his arm about her. "They're a little short of political prisons. They need a Tower."

"Then what do they do with them?"

"They usually get away in time," he answered very cheerfully.

But Mrs. Glasgow was not saying anything cheerful.

Her husband went on, "But the fact is, they haven't arrested many yet, for all their talk. And the ones they have are men that have been prominent. I don't think the honor is waiting for me. It's the men that are taken out without a warrant that are in the worst danger."

"But you will be important, father," said little Aleck. Then they all laughed.

Janet thought it over as she went to do a little weeding before dark. What would come? There were the claim-jumpers—and the shots in the dark—and the fire! And if her father were really taken away and shut up! She was feeling a little tired of all this tonight.

"Janet," some one called softly, and she looked up. It was growing dark.

"Sh-sh!" Mrs. Barman had come quietly past the corner of the house and was now beside her. She looked fearful, and more nervous than ever. "Where's your pa?" she whispered.



"What if somebody's house is in it?" said Janet. "Oh, no!" cried her mother



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in the Senate. Lincoln's vote failed, but he was always proud of having voted as he did.

Lincoln's most important act while in Congress was sponsoring a bill which if it had passed would have compelled the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. This bill provided that, while fugitive slaves escaping to the District against their masters' will might be claimed by their masters, no slave was to be imported there from any state and all children born to slave parents were to be freed, and that the persons living there already who were slaves were gradually to be emancipated and their owners paid. This bill did not become a law, but Lincoln again went on record as opposed to slavery.

Congress adjourned on August 14, 1848. Abraham Lincoln went to New England early in September, and there he made speeches on behalf of the Whig ticket. He spoke in Boston, Lowell, Worcester and other New England cities, and the newspapers of the time show that he made a favorable impression.

General Taylor was elected President, and Lincoln expected with good reason that his earnest work in the campaign would be rewarded.

Defeat

Lincoln now returned to his home in Illinois, and began practising law more earnestly than he had ever done before. He tried to make up some of the defects in his early education. He was forty years old, but he studied logic and geometry. It was hard work, for he had never pursued any studies in school that made this easy for him, but he mastered these two difficult subjects.

In 1854 he came back into politics as candidate for the United States Senate. When Missouri became a state in 1820 there had been an agreement which was enacted into law that thereafter all new states north of the southern boundary of Missouri should be free states. Kansas and Nebraska were now ready to enter the Union and under that law should both have been free. But the slave-holding interests wanted Kansas to come in as a slave state, so the part of the Missouri Compromise which related to slavery was repealed.

This seemed to Lincoln a very wicked thing, and he determined to fight it with all his might. For a time it seemed that he would be elected Senator in 1854, but he did not succeed. He determined, therefore, to run again as candidate for Senator in 1858. His opponent was one of the most brilliant men in the United States Senate, an old neighbor, friend and political opponent, Stephen A. Douglas. To undertake to defeat such a man was a most courageous ambition.

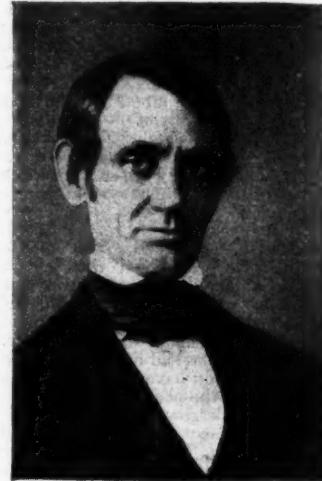
It was arranged between Lincoln and Douglas that, while the two would stump the state of Illinois independently, they would meet seven times in seven different congressional districts of the state and in each of those would hold a joint discussion. The Lincoln and Douglas debates became famous all over the country. The Chicago papers quoted them in full, and other papers copied them widely.

The position which Lincoln took in these debates was that the republic could not forever endure half free and half slave. He quoted the words of Scripture, "A house divided against itself cannot stand." He said that in time this nation would be all a

slave or all a free nation. He believed it ought to be free. He held that the slavery question was a national one and not simply a question for the South to decide. He held further that it was a moral question, and that no man was good enough to own another man. When anyone asked him if he would like to marry a negro, he answered that he did not want a negro woman either as his wife or as his slave.

Again Lincoln failed in his attempt to become a United States Senator.

He went back to Springfield just before the campaign ended and there delivered a very courteous and noble speech. He said he had been accused of ambition, and he did not deny that he was ambitious. But he



The earliest known portrait of Lincoln, made in Washington in 1848, when he was a member of Congress, and had on his best clothes. From a daguerreotype owned by Mrs. Robert T. Lincoln

said that, if Senator Douglas would agree to stand for the hope of making the country free, he would agree never to be a candidate for any office so long as Douglas wanted one. He said that he had earnestly prayed that it might not become his duty to enter this very trying and expensive campaign, but he had become a candidate because he believed it was his duty. He said that he had not intended to say anything unkind about any of his opponents and he asked forgiveness if he had said anything to hurt anyone's feelings, but he believed he had done right.

On the night of the election he was at the telegraph office until quite late, and before he went home he knew that Douglas had won. It was a dark, rainy night, and there were places where there was no sidewalk. In one of these the rain and the tramping of feet had made a hard "hog-back path." His foot slipped, and he almost went sprawling in the mud, but by a quick and fortunate leap he recovered his balance. He walked home through the rain, wet and chilly and defeated, but as he went he chuckled to himself, "It's a slip and not a fall!"

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.



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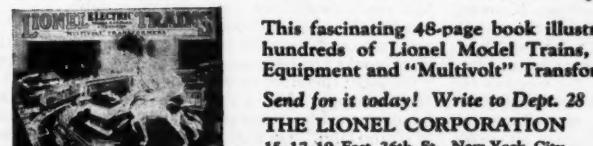
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FACT AND COMMENT

TO say that a man has no vices is not always to say that he has any virtues.

THE CHEMICAL CONSTITUENTS that make up a man's body—iron, lime, carbon, salt, phosphorous, etc.—can be bought at any drug store, we are told, for ninety-eight cents. That is what man is worth—materially. It is the intangible, invisible spirit that animates this almost valueless heap of mineral matter, the valiant spark amidst the dusk, that is the man.

A YEAR OR TWO AGO The Companion told its readers about the extraordinary value that attaches to the autograph of Button Gwinnett, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, who left singularly few signatures behind him. A New York woman Mrs. A. W. Swann, has recently found, among some family papers, a genuine signature of Button Gwinnett, and she may be able to sell it for something like \$25,000.

DO YOU EVER THINK how unlike are our names for certain countries to those which the natives of those countries use? For example the Egyptians call their land Misr, the Finns call theirs Suomen Tasavalta, the Persians know their country as Iran, the Esthonians theirs as Eesti Wabariik, and Palestine is officially Fiston. The Irish Free State is Saorstat Eireann, Japan is Nippon, and Morocco is El Maghreb. That will do for today.

IN RUSSIA

FAIR away as Russia is, and slight as are our present-day contacts with it, we cannot help being interested in what goes on there. Russia is a busy political laboratory today, where experiments in government and social organization are being conducted which are worth the attention of intelligent people everywhere. Within the past few months there have been important happenings at Moscow which our readers may like to have interpreted.

There has been an open split among the leaders of the Communist, or Bolshevik party, the most serious one that has occurred since the revolution of 1917. The governing class is no longer a unit as to policy; there are even indications that it is dividing on matters of principle as well. Discipline is still strong enough to suppress open revolt. Stalin, the taciturn, determined, shrewd Georgian, controls the party, and the men who dislike his way of conducting affairs—Trotzky, Kamenev, Zinoviev and others—have had to step out of their offices and sign an agreement not to force a conflict within the Communist party; but they still believe that Stalin is throwing away the fruits of the revolution.

Briefly, these objectors are the radicals, the original Communists, the men of the Left. They are Communists first, Russians a long way after. They believe in internationalism, in the world revolution, in the dictatorship of the proletariat, in the political supremacy of the industrial worker. After almost ten years of power, they see Russia industrially bankrupt, and the world revolution more distant than ever, but they still clamor for a rigorous, dogmatic Communism.

Stalin, who is enough of a statesman to be an opportunist, intends to restore Russia before he thinks about converting the world.

Himself of peasant stock, he sees that no régime can last without the support of the Russian peasantry. He is more impressed by the facts of Russia's industrial breakdown than by the paper theories of Marx or Trotzky. He is bending his efforts toward strengthening the economic position of Russia, toward improving the relations of Russia with its neighbors, toward encouraging industrial production by the help of private capital, so that the peasants can get the manufactured products they need at fair prices instead of at the ridiculously inflated prices which government operation of industries and government favoritism to the city workman have made inevitable.

So Zinoviev, whose conduct of the Communist International has made every other nation suspicious or openly hostile to Russia, has had to step down and out. So Trotzky and Kamenev and Sokolnikov are dropped from the Politbureau, the governing committee of the Communist party, and must do their grumbling in retirement. They dare not make a real fight, for the Bolsheviks govern only by keeping a united front. They are but a small minority of the nation; if they fall to blows among themselves, they know well enough their power would crumble.

For the present then, and as long as Stalin is in power, Russia will move steadily away from doctrinaire Communism and toward a strictly national policy, intended to please the peasants rather than the city proletariat. It will become more and more like other nations, and the opportunities for private capital will grow more and more frequent. Stalin is still a Communist, but he sees that real Communism is a long way in the future. In the meantime he wants to keep Russia alive and, if possible, moderately prosperous.

"I WAS HIS FATHER ONCE"

ONE of the tenderest and most pathetic remarks ever made was that of a man of eighty-four, who said, "Oh, if I could only know and watch over my children in their old age!" Being old himself, and rich with the experience and wisdom of years, he yearned to continue the loving guidance that he had exercised since the babyhood of his then middle aged son and daughter. His chief sorrow lay in the knowledge that death would end it. Something of that same feeling probably lies deep in the heart of every father. Certainly it must have been the longing that led that New Jersey man who died recently to leave letters, one of which his six-year-old son will receive on every birthday until he is twenty-one.

It would be impertinent to seek to penetrate the veil of privacy that hides the contents of those letters, but it may be permissible to hazard a guess as to their character. The six-year-old boy was known to his father as "Dicky," and the father was "Daddy" to the boy. Those are the first memories that the boy will have of the absent father; and the first few letters will be addressed to "Dicky" and signed "Daddy"; and they will lead the boy on from one year to the next. By and by they will open with "My dear Dick," and the signature will be just "Dad," and so on to the last, which will probably be addressed to "Dear Richard," and close with "Father"!

All this we guess, because the man who could do so wise and beautiful a thing must have been a man of imagination. Knowing his end to be near, and realizing the pitfalls that lie in the way of youth, he went back over his own life and put himself in the place of the boy. Before him rose the years of the past and the relations that had existed between him and his own father, and into the letters he packed the experience of all youth, as seen in the clearer light of after years.

Can the memory of such a father fade? As the boy's birthdays come, one after another, and each brings its letter, the old tie will gain new strength, and the bond that would naturally have become tenuous with the years will last through life. On every page of those letters will be written in sympathetic ink:

"I was his father once;
I am his father now."

THE KING'S ENGLISH

WHO should speak the King's English correctly if not the man who is some day to be himself the King? Yet an Englishman of letters, Mr. St. John Ervine, has ventured to criticize in print the way in which the Prince of Wales pronounces his words. In a recent address made at Oxford,

the very sanctuary of cultivated speech, he committed, says Mr. Ervine, these offences: he pronounced the *t* in "often," he said "acoistics" and "die-rection," he accented the first syllable in "illustrate" and "pursuit," and twice he said "laboratory."

The Prince is not without much good company in some of these locutions, though others seem to be the result of personal eccentricity. We have never heard anyone else put the accent on the first syllable of "pursuit," and few, if any, who put it on the first syllable of "direction," though some persons are over careful to sound the *t* therein with distinctness.

As for "of-ten," it is common enough, though none of the dictionaries allow it, and it is usually in the mouths of those who think they are called to reform the language by speaking it as it is printed and not as it is spoken. However, our little counsellor the Oxford Dictionary (volume VII) admits that the *t* is often sounded in the south of England, and in singing. Perhaps the Prince is merely in advance of the dictionaries. His authority may help to make "of-ten" the correct usage.

So with "illustrate." There is no doubt that it was formerly stressed on the second syllable. The dictionaries still prefer that pronunciation, but they recognize "illustrate" as well. Mr. Fowler, who has written a standard work on the English speech, says the latter form is gradually winning its way and is "now general." Verdict: the Prince is as nearly right as Mr. Ervine and is acquitted on this count of the indictment.

The best usage supports "akowstic" as the pronunciation of "acoustic." Probably the Prince likes the sound of the softer vowel; so do a good many other people, though not enough of them to make their pronunciation accepted by the dictionary makers. As for "laboratory," it is clearly wrong, though many persons who find it awkward to pronounce a four-syllable word on the first syllable wish it weren't. Those who frequent such places, generally avoid the difficulty by omitting the last three syllables entirely. In school buildings and on college campuses it is neither *laboratory* nor *laboratory*; it is "the lab." Perhaps in the end "lab" will be the real word, manufactured by amputation, as "mob" has emerged from the Latin phrase "mobile vulgus." Meanwhile we must put a black mark against the Prince of Wales. He shouldn't have said *laboratory*. We are surprised at him.

A RICH POTATO MINE

A POTATO isn't an especially interesting object nor is it a patch of growing potato plants as inspiring as a view of Mount Katahdin at sunrise; but when the single potato is multiplied often enough to make one hundred and fifty thousand barrels, and the patch expands into a field of eleven hundred acres, the imagination kindles a bit and the most inert mind sits up and takes notice. It is the "potato king," of Aroostook County, Maine, the "potato empire," who did the trick.

Last year was an epoch for the potato growers, as every housewife knows, for "spuds" reached the unprecedented price of ten dollars a barrel. Previous to that, however, there had been several years of ruinously low prices, so that many of the farmers were on the edge of bankruptcy. Although last year's profits not only paid their debts but left them a handsome surplus, this year, they reasoned with the farmer's usual cynicism, could not be expected to add to their good luck; therefore most of them curtailed their acreage. Mr. Cristie, on the other hand, opened up a new plot of seventy acres of stump land. On that plot alone he raised eleven thousand bushels, which he sold for \$40,000. The crop from his whole farm brought him a total of \$600,000, of which he figures one half was net profit.

Isn't there something for the youth of America to think about in such a story as this? Who benefits the country more than the men who actually produce the necessities of life? Who can enjoy with a clearer conscience or a deeper self-respect the fruits of their labor, however rich they may be? Who grudges them their profits?

The lazy, the comfort-loving and the incompetent are always droneing the old pessimistic song that "farming does not pay," but \$300,000 profits from Maine potato fields and \$12,000 earnings from single New Hampshire cabbage farms are voicing a cheerful antiphony. They say that money talks; courage and intelligence and hard work have found that it can also sing.

THIS BULLY WORLD

A Weekly Record of Current Events

MUSSOLINI AGAIN ESCAPES DEATH

THREE times within six months attempts have been made to assassinate Mussolini, the premier-dictator of Italy. The latest attack occurred at Bologna, as Mussolini was leaving a great public meeting in the stadium of that city. A boy of eighteen pushed through the crowd and fired a pistol at him, point-blank. The bullet tore through the breast of Mussolini's coat, but did not wound him. The angry crowd fell upon the lad and literally beat him to death. Mussolini, who is much of a fatalist, declared that he bore a charmed life, and would not be killed until his work for Italy was done. It is no wonder he thinks so, for he has escaped no less than six attempts on his life since he took the lead in the Fascist movement four or five years ago.

BELGIUM'S NEW GOLD CURRENCY

BELGIUM has followed the example of Germany, and established its currency on a gold, or hard-money, basis. The government announces that the Franc, which has long been nothing but a piece of paper money is to be stabilized at 36 to the dollar; its value before the war was about 5 1/4 to the dollar. The new unit of currency, based on gold, is to be called the "belga," and it will be worth a little more than thirteen cents. The belga will not be used in domestic trade, but only in settling foreign trade balances. In order to get the necessary gold for establishing the new currency Belgium has borrowed \$100,000,000 from London financiers.

ENGINEERS OPPOSE A SHIP CANAL

IT has been learned that the Army engineers who have been investigating the project of deepening the New York barge canal from Buffalo to Albany, so that it can accommodate seagoing cargo ships, will advise against it. The proposal was made as an alternative to the projected ship canal from the Great Lakes to the sea by way of the St. Lawrence River, and was supported in Congress as an "all-American" route. It is the opinion of the Army engineers that the cost of the work would be so great as to make the plan quite uneconomical.

THE COURT VS. A TREATY

ACCORDING to a decision of a United States court in New York, the recent treaty by which Great Britain permitted our prohibition-enforcement vessels to search and seize cargoes of liquor on British ships apparently intended for the United States, outside the twelve-mile limit, does not really help the situation very much. The court has ordered that a shipment of liquor worth \$350,000 which was taken from a British vessel, fourteen miles off the coast of New Jersey, must be returned to its owners. It holds that, although the treaty may permit the seizure of the liquor, our own prohibitory laws do not run on the high seas, and it cannot be held that there has been any violation of them at such a distance from the shore.

INCOME TAX DISCLOSURES

THE Internal Revenue Bureau reports that seventy-five persons paid income taxes for the year of 1924 on incomes larger than \$1,000,000. Three persons, two living in Michigan and one in New York, paid taxes on incomes of more than \$5,000,000. It ought not to be hard to guess who these three men are. But it may be worth remembering that the largest financial rewards always come, nowadays, to the men who can reduce the prices of commodities that most people want.

A NEW JOB FOR THE MARINES

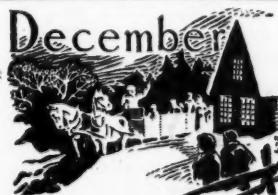
OWING to the repeated robberies of United States mails, which came to a climax in the recent holdup of a mail truck in Elizabeth, N. J., where the driver of the truck was killed and \$160,000 stolen, the services of the Marine Corps have been enlisted to furnish protection for the mails. President Coolidge has ordered the assignment of twenty-five hundred members of the corps to this duty, and the "leathernecks" are now on their new job, guarding mail cars, railway terminals and post-office trucks, against the depredations of the gunmen. The

marines have orders to shoot anyone who makes an attempt to interfere in any way with the mail under their care; mail robbery will henceforth be a particularly risky business.

THE ELECTIONS

As a result of the elections, the Republicans have lost control of the Senate. Senator Butler in Massachusetts, Senator Wadsworth in New York, Senator Williams in Missouri, Senator Ernst in Kentucky, Senator Harrel in Oklahoma, and Senator Weller in Maryland were all beaten by their Democratic opponents. Colonel Smith in Illinois and Mr. Vare in Pennsylvania were elected, but it is at least a question whether the Senate will permit them to take their seats. The House of Representatives seems safely Republican by a somewhat smaller majority than in the present Congress. Governor Smith was reelected by a large majority in New York, and so were Governor Donahey in Ohio and Governor Ritchie in Maryland. All three become possible Democratic candidates for the Presidency; but former Senator Pomerene of Ohio, who was beaten by Senator Willis, fades as a Democratic leader. The defeat of Senator Butler in Massachusetts by former Senator Walsh is to be regarded as a blow at President Coolidge's prestige, but otherwise the election does not indicate any marked dissatisfaction with the Administration. The question of prohibition complicated several contests. Senator Wadsworth's defeat was directly caused by the defection of 200,000 Republicans who voted for an independent candidate in order to punish Mr. Wadsworth for his open opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment, and several other Republican candidates were weakened by their position on this issue. There were popular referenda on the subject of prohibition in several states. In New York and Illinois the people voted in favor of permitting the states to establish their own standards of what constitutes intoxicating liquor. Montana voted to repeal the state prohibitory laws; Wisconsin and Nevada voted for an appeal to Congress for a modification of the Volstead Act; California, Missouri and Colorado voted down the proposal to repeal their prohibitory enactments.

MISCELLANY



The Sledding Party

Below the mountains' white-capped citadels,
Across the frozen lake's unmarred expanse,
Beneath the golden stars, with silver bells
We blithely drove to Christmas feast and dance.

Arthur Guiterman

WHAT'S THE USE?

"IT is vain to serve God; and what profit is it that we have kept his ordinance?" These are the words that the prophet Malachi puts in the mouths not of bad people but of discouraged good people. They had been trying hard to do right, and things went wrong. They had been courageous, but their courage seemed of no avail. They thought they had been missing a great deal of pleasure, that they had "walked in funeral garments before the Lord." The complaint that religion is a kill-joy is not as modern as people suppose.

What if righteousness does not pay, in the sense in which some people think of pay? What if a good man has to give as many dollars a ton for coal as a bad man, and his bread and cakes cost just as much whether he loves his neighbor as himself or not? What if righteousness is sometimes expensive, an actual disadvantage? Still which of us is willing to measure profit and loss in that way? Maybe the three hundred men who fought with Leonidas sometimes growled that their rations were bad. Maybe the

(Continued on page 943)

Slip This Ad To Your Dad Before Christmas

JUST check with a pencil the watch you'd like to find on the tree next Christmas morning—wait till you see Dad curling up and a book in his hand—then lay this ad on his knee.

Don't have to say a word. We're saying it for you! And Dad—he knows all about Ingersolls. He can probably remember his own first Ingersoll—and how it went and went and went—and beat the whole neighborhood for its accuracy—and looked like a million dollars to him and

the other fellows every time he pulled it out. Dad knows how Ingersolls last. He knows the famous Ingersoll name and guarantee even better than you do. And he'll be glad for you to want one.

So get out that pencil now, and make your selection.

Prices Recently Reduced. The prices shown in this ad are the new reduced prices recently effective. The reduction applies to the entire line of 15 different models. Notice especially the new price on the Yankee—\$1.50; the new price on the Wrist Watch—\$3.50; and the new Wrist Radiolite price—\$4.00.

Ingersoll



Yankee

The new improved model. More closely cased, antique bow and crown. Always dependable.

Illustrations $\frac{1}{2}$ actual size
Prices in Canada slightly higher



Midget

A good size for the girls and smaller boys. Also for women for their handbags.

\$3.25



Midget Radiolite

Girls as well as boys like time-in-the-dark watches. \$3.75



Yankee Radiolite

The Yankee with luminous figures and hands. Tells time in the dark. \$2.25



Wrist Watch

Suitable for boys and girls as well as the grown-ups. Stylish tonneau-shape.

\$3.50



Wrist Radiolite

Tells time in the dark. The watch for outdoor boys and men. Sturdy and strong.



Junior

The popular 12-size. Thin model that slips easily into the pocket. Sturdy, dependable.

\$3.25



Jeweled Waterbury

Jeweled watch accuracy at an economy price. Stylish 12-size. Silvered metal dial.

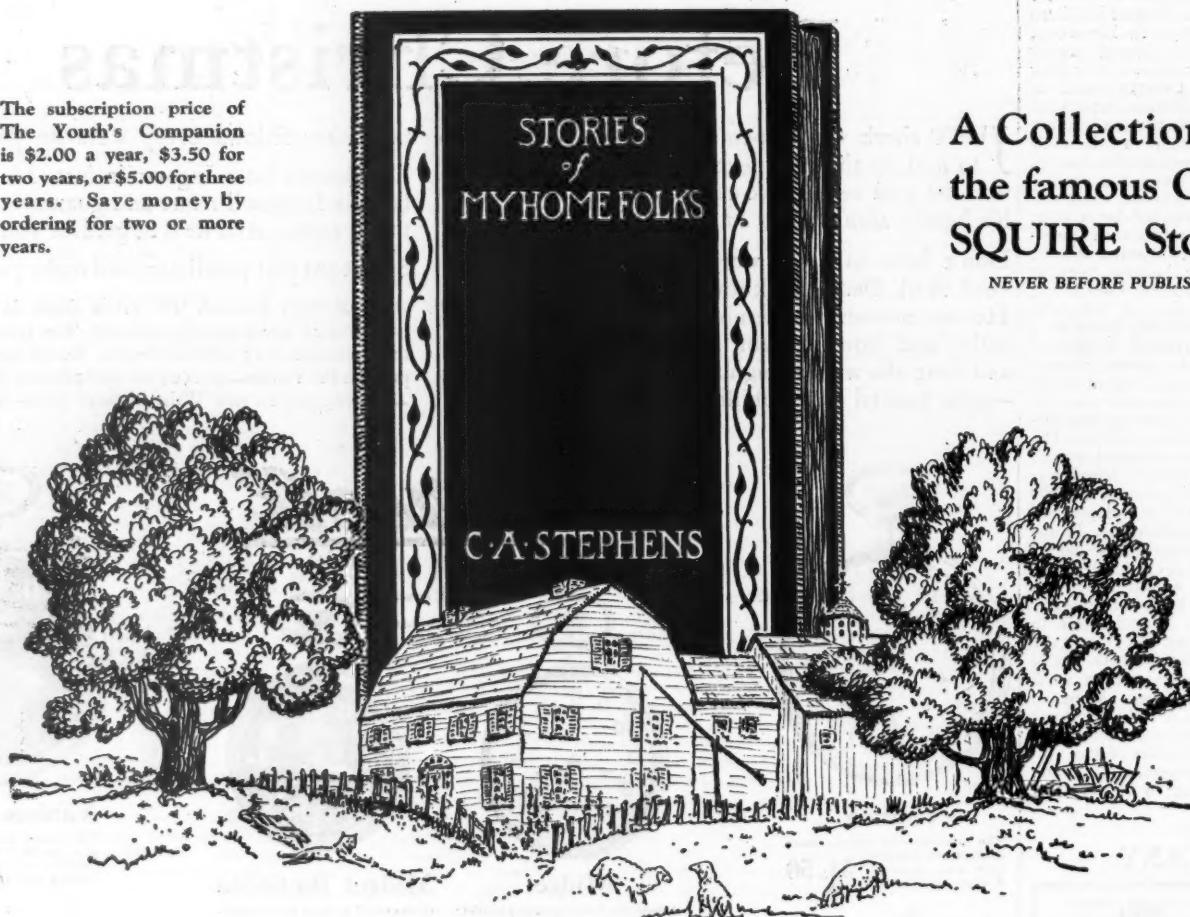
\$4.50

P. S.

If you are going to make a present to some one, think how well he (or is it a "she?") would be pleased with a brand new Ingersoll in its cheery-colored box.

NEW! Another book by The Companion's Best Loved Writer

The subscription price of The Youth's Companion is \$2.00 a year, \$3.50 for two years, or \$5.00 for three years. Save money by ordering for two or more years.



A Collection of the famous OLD SQUIRE Stories

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED

Have You Sent for Your FREE Copy?

NO name means so much to the readers of The Youth's Companion as that of C. A. Stephens. Three generations of subscribers have delighted in his tales of adventure, travel, and home life on the Old Squire's Farm, down in Maine. When the publishers last year tried to think of something to give to the good friends who renewed their subscriptions early, they decided that nothing would be so popular as a book of Mr. Stephens' stories; so they printed "Haps and Mis-haps at the Old Farm." And how Companion readers jumped at it! A very large edition was entirely exhausted long before the renewals and the requests for the book stopped.

11,156 Waited Too Long Last Year Get Your Order In Today

The Offer: Send us your renewal subscription for The Youth's Companion early, before the rush of the holiday season, including six cents extra to pay postage and packing on the book, and we will present you with a copy of C. A. Stephens' new book, "Stories of My Home Folks" bearing a personal greeting from Mr. Stephens. This book is not offered for sale separately.

NOTE:—Please avoid sending stamps. Include the six cents extra in your subscription remittance if possible.

THIS year the publishers are offering another collection of Stephens' stories and they are printing many thousands more than they did last year. "Stories of My Home Folks" deals with the adventures, homely, laughable and exciting, of the group of boys and girls who lived with the Old Squire and Grandmother Ruth on the Old Farm. *The stories are all new, they have not been previously printed in The Youth's Companion.* Every subscriber will want one of these books. Be sure that your order is sent early.

Partial List of Contents

The Old Squire's Trip to the White Hills—The Berserk Rage of Laughing Sylvanus—When Halstead Had the Horrors—Going After the Communion Service—The Boxing Academy at Aunt Hannah's—When the Elder Mowed the Lodged Clover—The Queer Amethyst Quarrel—Runaway Rob—The Smuggler's Hinny—An Embarrassing Fourth of July—The Bees of Gehenna—"Maine Mahogany"—Old Hughy's Moose Decoy.
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With every set there's a book full of pictures of things you can make — a trolley car with tracks, a filling station, city playground, railway system, airplane, a pioneer's cabin, and his duck. You can think up countless new things to build for yourself.

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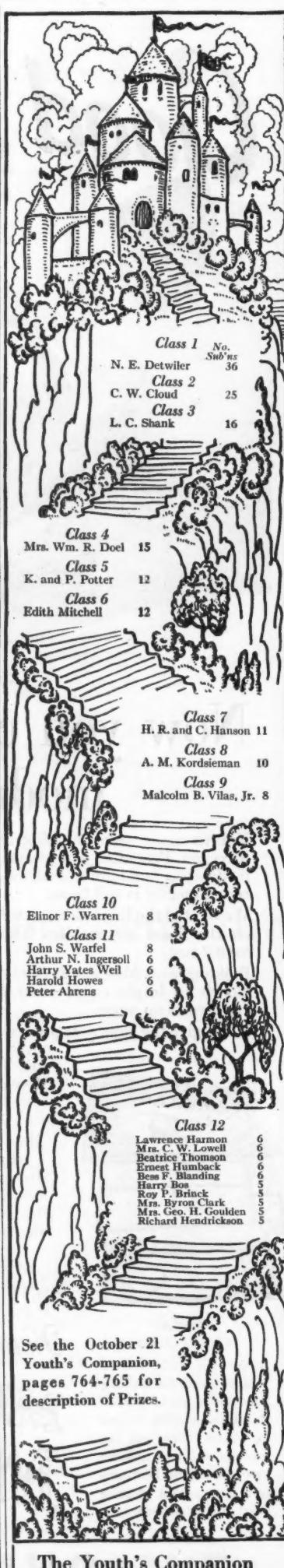
by the author of

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See the October 21
Youth's Companion,
pages 764-765 for
description of Prizes.

The Youth's Companion

Is Your Name Among the Starters?

HERE is the list of 200 *Leaders* in The Youth's Companion's great Pilgrimage to the Land of Dreams Come True, showing the number of new subscriptions secured by each up to November 6. These friends are out to win the 52-Day Clark Cruise to the Mediterranean and Norway for two people, the fine automobiles, the four year college tuition and all the other wonderful prizes.

See the October 21 Youth's Companion
for full particulars.

How The Contest Stood on Nov. 6.

Class	No.	Subs
Class 1	36	N. E. Detwiler
Class 2	25	C. W. Cloud
Class 3	16	L. C. Shank
Class 4	15	Mrs. Wm. R. Doel
Class 5	12	K. and P. Potter
Class 6	12	Edith Mitchell
Class 7	11	H. R. and C. Hanson
Class 8	10	A. M. Kordsmeier
Class 9	8	Malcolm B. Vilas, Jr.
Class 10	8	Elinor F. Warren
Class 11	6	John S. Warfel
	6	Arthur N. Ingersoll
	6	Harry Yates Well
	6	Harold Howes
	6	Peter Ahrens
Class 12	6	Lawrence Harmon
	6	Mrs. C. W. Lowell
	6	Beatrice Thomson
	6	Ernest Humback
	5	Edmund Bunting
	5	Harry Box
	5	Roy P. Brinck
	5	Mrs. Byron Clark
	5	Mrs. Geo. H. Goulden
	5	Richard Hendrickson
H. A. Phelps	3	
Earle H. Johnson	3	
Edwin W. Kibbe	3	
Mrs. E. G. Alden	3	
Brenton Bradford	2	
Richard Chuble	2	
Irene Church	2	
Robin Garland	2	
Stanley Lillian	2	
T. S. Mayberry	2	
C. H. Webster	2	

You Can Win, Too

If your name is not on this list you can place it there by securing enough subscriptions to beat the present leaders. The contest runs until MARCH 1, 1927, but NOW is the best time to get subscriptions.

Why not start today?

Mason Willis.

8 Arlington Street, Boston



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to give or to get
for Christmas than
athletic equipment.
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it than the Reach
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write direct for illustrated
catalog. Make your selections
early—for you'll have plenty
to select from.



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happy or tell him to make
your friends happy—with
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marked "Reach".

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dealer or
write for
that cata-
log now.

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Dialogs, Monologs, Musical Comedies, Vaudeville Acts and Revues, Minstrel Opening Choruses, Darky Plays. Catalog FREE. T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Sept. 7 CHICAGO

(Continued from page 943)
manly boy; Tad did not wholly reciprocate it.

"Though he thought much more of our Alice," says his old schoolmate, "he was too kind-hearted and chivalrous to allow little Alix to see that he preferred an American dentist's daughter to the Anglo-German princess. I remember that my sister invited the little princess to her birthday party, to which Tad came, bringing a huge ornamental German confection which graced the board almost like a bouquet. Little Alix eyed Tad's gift admiringly, and I thought she cast an almost envious glance at my sister.

"Alix couldn't skate, and her royal mama forbade her trying to learn in a public place. So Tad, when he invited our Alice to go skating on a little shallow lake near the river there, also suggested that they two offer to push Alix in an ornate Russian sledge.

"Alix was a happy little princess indeed when Tad tucked in the rich robes about her and with the friend Alice skated gayly behind her equipage, gliding around and around the little lake. She had been permitted to accept such an unusually democratic invitation—for a princess—since the widow of a President of the United States was to attend as honorary chaperon; that guaranteed the approval of even her strait-laced German governess. There, on the shore stood Mary Todd Lincoln, her full and flowing mourning garments swathed in a long crêpe veil, smiling as she superintended the happy maneuvers of all the young people. But once, as they skated toward the west they saw Mrs. Lincoln gazing afar, wholly unconscious for the moment of their movements. The wind was blowing the dark veil about her head as she stood, like the Cumæan sibyl, silhouetted against the sunset sky, whose livid afterglow suggested the recent tragedy in America. It was she, and she alone, who seemed then the tragic figure, for the future still lay hidden. Poor little Alix!"

WHAT INDIANS ARE LIKE

WE have seen a very interesting letter from a favorite contributor to The Companion, Mr. E. E. Harriman, to a boy who wrote to ask him about the Indians he had known. Mr. Harriman, who is now almost an old man, has known Indians all his life, and his letter makes clear what so many people do not understand, that there is as much diversity among the various Indian tribes as among the nations with which the white race is divided or even more.

I knew the Sioux, writes Mr. Harriman, when he wanted to kill all white folks in Minnesota; the renegade gang of Little Crow, who was a villain among his own people. He made a feast and invited his brothers. Then he and his gang killed the six brothers that Crow might be chief. Afterwards, he began war on white folks in order to make a reputation, and one of my neighbors killed him. Chaska and Wabashaw of the same tribe opposed him and saved the lives of twenty-eight whites who had been taken prisoners. Chaska saved the life of George Spencer after five bullets had been fired through Spencer's body, as he watched the Sioux play lacrosse in front of the store. Spencer managed to get inside and upstairs, while an Indian had fed and given a bed for two winters tried to kill him.

I knew Chippewas when they fought the Sioux all around my home, and I saw several canoes, each carrying twelve warriors, pass where I hid behind the lake bank as they went to a big battle, all painted and armed.

The Winnebagos I knew as peaceful farmers, sending stock to the state fair at Minneapolis and living in houses built for them by the government. I knew all three tribes in feasts and fights and fishing and fun-making. I learned to ride their canoes, to cook anything outdoors, to keep warm on a cold night with little covering, how to fool the fur-bearers and catch them, how to hunt and ride on the side of my horse when he ran at full speed. Indian stuff was part of my education as a boy, and I knew the trick of freezing up when game looked my way, then creeping farther when it began to feed.

Then I came to the Far West and saw many other tribes.

The White Mountain Apache wears the same kind of clothes that you and I do, talks our language, sends his children to school and raises Hereford cattle for a living.

The Navaho is independent, somewhat harsh in speech and manner, laughs in great glee over a joke, makes beautiful silver

(Continued on page 947)



Published by A. G. Spalding & Bros. in the interest of Athletic Sport

SPEED SKATING

By CHARLES JEWTRAW,
500 Meters Olympic Champion

THE first essential of speed skating is a sound body, a clear brain and keen judgment.

To be successful requires strict adherence to the rules of training. Just as for sprinting, hurdling or rowing or base ball, the boy who has made himself fit by careful training and practice is the boy most likely to give the best account of himself.

Position for the Start

The start in a skating race, it will be noted, differs from that for sprint running. Instead of both feet pointing in a straight direction, or nearly so, the forward skate is parallel with the starting line and the shove-off is given with the other foot, the succeeding action bringing the skater into his stroke and stride.

The Finish

If the race is very short, of course it will be necessary to get off at top speed and keep it up to the finish, but in the middle and longer distances the skater should acquire that second sense of being able to so regulate his speed that he will have himself in control at all times and when the final sprint for the finish line begins, have enough in reserve to bring him fighting for the place.

Other competitors may set a faster pace than the skater has figured out for himself, but if he succumbs to this temptation he will use up his reserve before the crucial moment arrives for the final sprint. It is well at all times to stick to a set program, even if the skater should lose some of his early races, as he can note conditions generally and gradually increase the timing and speed.

Practice

Much practice will be required before a skater can acquire all the fine points that will enable him to hold his own in fast company. Strategy will be quite as essential as natural speed. If possible the novice should get some older skater to watch him and criticize any apparent shortcomings, which should be changed before they are too firmly fastened. Such, for instance, as slow-starting, angle of body, arm motion, too long a stride or too short. He should practice starting so as to be on the alert when the starting signal is given but not so impatient as to make a break or false start, due to nervousness, and thereby suffer the penalty of being set back. All of this preliminary work should be practiced incessantly and although seemingly tedious and apparently unnecessary, it is the only way by which a young skater can hope to pull himself ahead of his comrades.

Training Hints

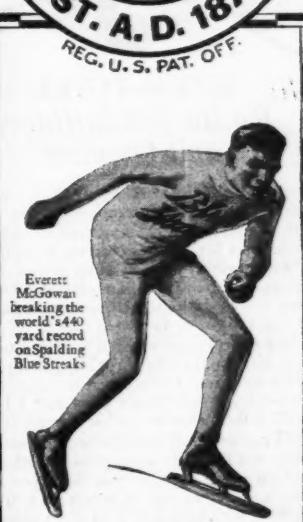
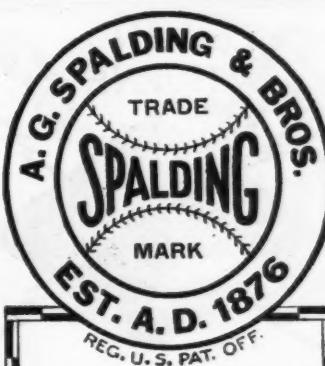
Roadwork is essential—a workout of a mile or two. Meals should consist of substantial but simple foods. Plenty of vegetables—spinach, peas, beets, etc., are recommended. Avoid tea, coffee and pastry. Milk is an excellent food if taken by itself, or with non-acid foods.

Training demands plenty of sleep—at least eight hours.

Shoes and Skates

Too much emphasis cannot be placed upon the importance of proper shoes and skates. The selection of correct shoes and skates will repay the skater many times over. Well-made and proper-fitting shoes will give his feet the support and comfort they should have—and upon his feet rests the skater's fortune.

Advertisement



When Speed is King

OVER THE ICE like a streak...every turn a thrill...every nerve a-tingle...these can be yours with Spalding Blue Streak ice skates!

Fine steel, fine skill...all go into Blue Streak tubular skates to make them the fastest, the lightest, the strongest skates on record. Handsomely finished in blue enamel and nickel. Racing and hockey models mounted on Spalding skating shoes...shoes such as only Spalding knows how to make. Just see a pair. You'll want them for Christmas, that's sure!



The Finish

Spalding Gifts make husky boys

Boxing Gloves. Well padded. Of the same design used by champions.

Basket Balls. Laced and laceless with or without the new Spalding valve bladder.

Foot Balls. There's the Spalding J3...used in all the important contests. Other models, too.

Base Ball Gloves. Big League patterns. Bats, Mitts, Balls, Masks, Shoes, etc.

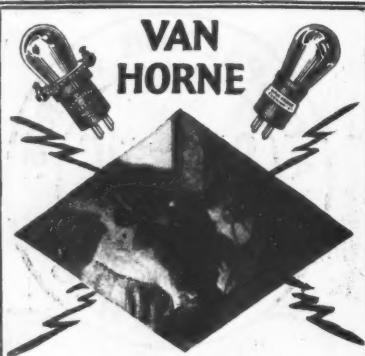
Tennis Rackets. The "Young America" has a "grip" and "feel" you'll like.

Husky boys and husky sweaters! You'll treasure a "Spalding"—and still wear it—many years from now.

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Are you building or using a radio set? If so, you have probably already found out that a set is no better than the tubes in it. Maybe you are having trouble getting clear reception, free from humming and howling noises. If so, the chances are you are using the wrong makes of tubes.

Any radio expert will tell you that tubes constitute one of the most important parts of a radio set. I have been making radio tubes for a good many years, and I have solved the "clear reception" problem.

Fill out and mail the attached coupon today, and I'll write you a personal letter by return mail, showing you how you can improve the quality of reception you are getting with your set. You don't obligate yourself in any way by doing this, and the information you get will be exceedingly valuable to you.

J. Van Horne
President.

THE VAN HORNE COMPANY
Franklin, Ohio

Mr. J. S. Van Horne, President
The Van Horne Company
Franklin, Ohio

Please send me that valuable information as to how I can improve the reception of my radio set. I read your interesting offer in The Youth's Companion, and understand that I am in no way obligating myself to you by sending for this information on this coupon.

Name and Age _____
Street Address _____
City and State _____

Tom Sawyer's Coming Back

Yes, right into your own home, in the Pathfinder. Tom is alive again with all his impishness, his fair-raising experiences, his escapades, his thrilling rescues, his confidences, his secrets. And he's coming to you in the Pathfinder. The Pathfinder editor is spending a lot of money so that everybody may have a chance to read this most popular of all American stories. The only way to secure this story is to subscribe to the Pathfinder. Every week the Pathfinder is loaded down with articles you want to read—world news and pictures, brilliant editorials, stories, travel articles, puzzles, humor and miscellany. The Pathfinder is the nation's most helpful and entertaining weekly magazine with more than a million readers—and it comes to you direct from the author of the story, who is sold on newsstands or streets. Mark Twain's masterpiece, *Tom Sawyer*, will begin in the Pathfinder early in 1927. Why not use a Pathfinder subscription, including Tom Sawyer, for Xmas gifts? You can use the Pathfinder every week for one year, \$2.00, for only \$1. 3 subscriptions, \$2. Gift announcement cards, giving your name as done, mailed if desired. If you do not know the Pathfinder and wish to see it, we will send it on trial for 3 months, 13 issues, \$1.25, coin or stamp. PATHFINDER, 372 Langdon St., Washington, D. C.



BOYS AND GIRLS MAKE XMAS MONEY Selling "game of think" played with Martyn's Spelling Bee Cubes. Enamel finish wooden cubes 20c; per celluloid 50c set. A Xmas gift for young and old. Martyn & Co., 1308 W. Lake St., Minneapolis, Minn.



Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge Fletcher of Chester, Vt., two kind and venerable friends of The Youth's Companion, photographed by Franklin Wells

A Visit to Old Friends

ONE would search the picture galleries of the world in vain for a better picture of serene and happy old age than you may see in this photograph of two venerable friends of The Youth's Companion, Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge Fletcher of Chester, Vt.

When the artist, Mr. Franklin Wood, and the editor of The Youth's Companion were returning last June from a trip to President Coolidge's birthplace at Plymouth, Vt., to secure the photographs and sketches from which Mr. Wood made his beautiful cover painting for our issue dated November 18, 1926, a pause was made in Chester, and a visit was paid to the Chester librarian, Miss C. G. Pollard.

"By all means," she said, "visit your two most venerable subscribers and friends here, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher. They have been married for sixty-six years, and they must be one of the few couples in the United States who can look back upon so long a period of life spent happily together. The road to their house is not easy for a stranger to find; but The Companion has a great friend here in young Franklin Wells, one of the brightest and best boys in town, and I know he will pilot you."

A Pleasant Visit

Miss Pollard's prediction was more than justified. After consulting his mother, Franklin piloted the visitors to the Fletcher home. It is many miles outside Chester, set upon a beautiful New England hillside such as many a millionaire would covet for his country home. The house bears evidence, outside and in, of the thrifty and good taste of the two people who have lived there so long. They received the unexpected visitors with old-fashioned courtesy and made them welcome in a parlor where Companion covers were hanging on the wall.

Presently Mr. Fletcher took his guests for a short walk over the hillside. He pointed out the finest lilac bush, in full flower, that the guests had ever seen. The beauty of the surrounding countryside was like that of the hills which girdle the boyhood home of President Coolidge.

"I suppose," said one of the visitors, "that you are a relative of the President?"

Mr. Fletcher smiled. All the Coolidges are related, although they do not boast of their kinship with great men. This is a family tree that has made, and will continue to make, most important contributions to the history of America. But no work is more vital than that of the farmer and his wife and his children; for, without their service, the whole industrial system of our land could not last. And something of this feeling of stewardship for all the rest of the people seemed to reflect itself in Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher's kindly faces. People of their sort are the fathers and grandfathers and mothers and grandmothers of us all.

The sun was just setting as the visit drew

to its close. It seemed impossible to take a photograph by the dim light.

"I will tell you what I will do," said Franklin Wells. "I will walk out here on the next fine day and take a picture for you."

The prospect of such a long walk would have terrified most city people, but it means nothing to legs trained on Vermont hillsides. Franklin Wells's generous offer was quickly accepted; and a few days afterward a set of very wonderful pictures came from him, and the best of them was enlarged.

Then it occurred to us that many members of the Coolidge and Fletcher families would like these pictures, and Mrs. Wells was kind enough to supply a list of those she knew. A print was sent, with our compliments, to each one as a souvenir of this visit. And each one was asked if he or she knew somebody else who would value this memento of their distinguished relatives in Chester.

The response has been very great. We print here the names and addresses of people who have already received prints. They are not only in New England but in Florida and Indiana and California. You may think of America as a large country—but there is no distance so great that family love and loyalty cannot make it short. And the relatives of these wonderful old people in Vermont have something of which to be truly proud. Here is the list, so far:

The Family Tree

Mr. Leon Fletcher, Chester Depot, Vt.; Mr. Leslie Fletcher, Chester Depot, Vt.; Mr. George Bartlett, Mill Village, N. H.; Mrs. Adelia Bates, Waterbury, Conn.; Mrs. C. L. Clark, Chesterfield, N. H.; Mr. Clyde N. Clark, Chester Depot, Vt.; Mr. Frank Clark, Chester Depot, Vt.; Miss Edna O. Davis, Chester Depot, Vt.; Mr. Allen Edson, Natick, Mass.; Mrs. Erwin Edson, Chester, Vt.; Mr. Ralph Edson, Middlefield, Conn.; Mrs. W. A. Edson, Chester, Vt.; Mrs. Jonathan Fuller, St. Cloud, Fla.; Miss Esther Fletcher, Chester Depot, Vt.; Mrs. Adin Foster, Chester, Vt.; Mr. Benjamin Fletcher, Bridgeport, Conn.; Miss Dora Frahm, West Orange, N. J.; Mr. Harry Howard, Claremont, N. H.; Mr. Harry C. Jones, Penacook, N. H.; Mr. R. H. Jones, Roxbury, Mass.; Mrs. Walter Keene, Birmingham, Maine; Mrs. J. L. Livermore, Bellows Falls, Vt.; Mrs. MacDonald Lynch, Sterling, Mass.; Mrs. Otis L. Noyes, Newburyport, Mass.; Mrs. Warren Pierce, Winchester, N. H.; Mrs. C. H. Rich, Bellows Falls, Vt.; Mr. B. J. Sanderson, Davis, Calif.; Mrs. W. L. Sanderson, New Albany, Ind.; Mrs. Elmer P. Warner, Chester Depot, Vt.; Mr. Walter Wiggins, Worcester, Mass.

If any other close relatives would care for an enlargement of the photograph, they have only to write—stating their relationship to Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge Fletcher—and a print will be sent free of charge, with the Hundredth Anniversary greetings of The Youth's Companion. —THE EDITOR.

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For months our buyers have literally combed the markets of the country and brought together the choicest holiday gift merchandise for your approval. You may now make all your gift selections in a few moments' time right in the comfort of your home. Once taste the pleasure of Christmas shopping in this delightfully easy way and you will understand why thousands of Companion readers send to the Y. C. for their holiday gifts each year.

More than 200 other gift selections are shown in the Big Rotogravure Gift Supplement of the October 21 Youth's Companion. Copy mailed free on request.

Birthstone Rings. Birth stones are said to bring good luck to the wearer. These rings are striking silver, platinum effect with beautiful carved design. Imitation stones for each month in the year. When ordering, be sure to state your birth month and ring size.

\$1.25

Ladies' White Gold Wrist Watch. A beautiful and reliable timekeeper. Case is 14k white gold filled, new tonneau shape, engraved with fancy design. Six-jewel lever movement. Stem set with blue stone. Bracelet of black silk grosgrain ribbon. Gift box included.

\$9.00

Men's Wrist Watch. Solid nickel case, dull finished. Popular square shape, with thoroughly reliable 11-jewel lever movement. The numerals and hands are treated with a preparation that will clearly show the time in the dark. Straps are leather with nickel buckle.

\$11.00

Biff-Bag. Boys revel in the fascinating sport of biffing the Biff-Bag. It quickens the eye, strengthens the arm, develops the chest expansion, and develops the body gracefully. Complete with screws and cords.

\$1.50

Daly Air Rifle. Every boy wants a Daly. It's a straight shooter, long-lasting, handsomely finished. Built on the lines that crack marksmen prefer. Pump Action Repeater. \$5.35. 350 Shot Repeater. \$2.25

Nestor Johnson Tubular Shoe-Skates. Aluminum finished, welded throughout. Seamless cup of one-piece drawn steel and high carbon steel blades. Shoe-strap is secured with leather strap across the ankle. We offer men's and boys' skates and women's and girls' in either the racer or hockey style. Men's and boys' shoe sizes, 5 to 9½, women's and girls', 1 to 7. Complete per pair.

\$2.00

Child's Set. Includes spoon and food pusher. R & B A-1 guaranteed silver ware. Attractive new Manor Pattern, soft gray finish. Sure to please the most discriminating. In box.

\$1.00

Omar Pearl Necklace. A lovely quality of cream white Omar Pearls, finely graduated, washable with soap and water, guaranteed to be genuine. Mounted with sterling silver safety clasp set with brilliant. Encased in blue leatherette box. Single strand, 15 or 24 inches.

\$4.00

Lincoln Logs. Build reproductions of the first American buildings and all sorts of interesting and unique structures. Logs of hardwood, seasoned and stained a "weathered" brown. Set No. 1 contains 53 Logs, and designs \$1.10. Set No. 2 contains 110 Logs, and designs \$2.25.

Military Brush Set with Case. Full Military style, fine quality bristles. "Keep-clean" brand. Brushes have solid backs, ebony finish, water-proof aluminum settings. Complete with Keratol Case. Per pair. \$1.50

Boudoir Lamp with Silk Shade. Any room would be more attractive and comfortable with the addition of this pretty lamp. Deep rose pottery base and rose silk shade. 5½-foot silk cord. \$2.00. Electric bulb not included.

8 Arlington St.
Boston, Mass.

16 Beautiful Christmas Greeting Cards FREE

With every purchase amounting to \$5.00 or more, from this ad or from the October 21 Youth's Companion, pages 766 to 782, we will include free 16 beautiful Christmas cards with envelopes to match (worth \$1.05 at single card price), provided you mention this ad when ordering.

Send remittance with order to

The Youth's Companion Gift Shop

(Continued from page 945)

ornaments with turquoise sets, rides wonderfully well, lives in a hogan, which may be made of juniper logs on end in a circular ditch, leaning inward, with two other tiers above, the last meeting in the middle, all held together by interlaced sticks and plastered outside with clay mud, or it may be built of split sandstone, or in summer of brush, to keep the sun off. Nobody wants to keep the night air away. He keeps many sheep, and his squaw weaves wonderful blankets from the wool; but now in most hogans they have Germantown wool yarn. Most folks do not know the difference between blankets of native yarn and the Germantown yarn. But the old-timer knows. An old-time blanket would hold water all day and not be leaking at night. That sort is worth hundreds of dollars now.

The Navaho wears our kind of clothes mostly, but many still wear the band around the head, instead of a hat, though others buy Stetsons costing \$20 or more. A Navaho, dandy is a sight to see—beautiful, beaded moccasins, trousers with big silver *conchas* down the outside seam, a brilliant red sash, fancy and costly shirt, silver and turquoise bracelets, costly hat, silver and turquoise necklace, a saddle and bridle all jingled up with silver ornaments and worth perhaps \$600, pony shining and decked with ribbons in mane and tail.

Next week we will tell our readers what Mr. Harriman has to say about the Hopis, the Pueblos, the Klamath, Arapaho and Mission Indians.

ONE THING AT A TIME

JOHN had become the proud owner of a pig and insisted on caring for it himself. After a few weeks, says the *Argonaut*, his father noticed that the animal did not appear to thrive and remarked:

"John, I'm afraid you are not feeding your pig enough. It doesn't seem to be fatening at all."

"I don't want to fatten him yet," answered the young stockman. "I'm waiting until he gets as long as I want him, then I'll begin to widen him out."

THE BEST MOTION PICTURES

Editor's Note: There are so many motion pictures, how can any family tell which are really worth seeing? The following list, revised every week, contains the pictures which The Youth's Companion recommends to you, as clean and interesting. We cannot express any opinion about other pictures which are shown on the same program.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION BLUE-RIBBON LIST

It Must be Love—First National

Fernie Schmidt ran away from her father's delicatessen shop only to be led back by Dan Cupid, Colleen Moore, Jean Hersholt.

Risky Business—Producer's Distributing Corp. A society butterfly finds that satisfaction is to be found only in service. Vera Reynolds.

Men of the Night—Sterling Productions, Inc. An old woman's unwavering ideals reclaim a wayward youth who has befriended her. Mary Carr.

The Quarterback—Paramount A football star who earns his way through college wins the game and the girl. Richard Dix, Esther Ralston.

The Waning Sex—Metro Goldwyn Mayer A young woman proves to her lover that a woman can be a successful lawyer,—and then gives up her career. Norma Shearer, Conrad Nagel.

The Unknown Cavalier—First National A hero and his cowboy master, unmask a villain and rescue a kidnapped child. Ken Maynard and Tarzan.

The Best Trick of the Week

THE FLYING RULER

THIS is a very surprising trick. Take an ordinary ruler and hold it in your right fist. Suddenly, at your command, the ruler will rise up in your hand. Then you push it down again, and this time it leaps high in the air. Both the hand and the ruler may be examined.

A fairly large, but thin, rubber band is required. Slip it over the right forefinger, and catch the loose loop with the right thumb. Take the ruler in your left hand and stand several feet away from the spectators.

Close your hand in a loose fist, and push the ruler down in the fist with the left hand. The end of the ruler will engage the elastic. Hold your right hand with the fingers toward the spectators, and the band will not be seen.

Release pressure gradually, and the ruler will slide up. Push it down again, release it suddenly, and the ruler will jump. Immediately let the rubber band fall on the floor.



Now for four fat months of fun!

Beginning with the December issue of THE AMERICAN BOY, Clarence Budington Kelland starts a new travel-adventure serial, starring stuttering Mark Tidd and his pals—Binney, Plunk and Tallow.

MARK TIDD IN PALESTINE—Are you ready for peace and quiet? You won't find it! Rumpus No. 1 starts when Mark sides with an American scientist over a hundred-thousand-dollar "g-g-glass m-mug." Then Plunk dives into the River Jordan to rescue a drowning Arab. That starts Rumpus No. 2! Don't miss "Mark Tidd in Palestine"—one of the roaringest adventure serials you've ever read. And it lasts four issues!

THE ROUND-UP ON THE RIO GRANDE, by Thomson Burtis. Russ Farrell burned with anxiety to know how a 2-ton airplane, a secret service agent and a pilot could vanish into thin air.

JUST WHAT YOU WANT FOR CHRISTMAS—A. Neely Hall tells you how to make unusual, useful presents which you'll be proud to give. *A Christmas Party*—It's all planned. All ready for you to give! *A Christmas Story*—Brad Kendall and Stubby Stark stage an uproarious Christmas rummage sale. Look for "Kendall's Christmas Quest."

The next twelve issues of THE AMERICAN BOY are going to be the liveliest, most interesting reading you've gotten hold of in a long time. Look what this great year of fiction and fact begins with:

IRISH HURRICANE, a great sea story of the tall-masted schooner, *Wanderer*, and a battle in the dark with belaying pins.

THE DOUBLE-DYED RETRIEVER, a play about a dauntless, daring pup who wreaks horrible vengeance on a spaniel who tries to double-cross him. *IN THE GRASS*, an exciting tale of Johnny Boyd and Syl McVey adrift in a leaky coal barge in a sea of grass.

THE SAVING OF THE SHOW, an animal-circus story about a mad bull-elephant, by Rex Lee. *STRAIGHT TALK*—William Allen White, famous newspaper editor, gives you the unvarnished facts about your chances to succeed in journalism.

Subscribe—today—to THE AMERICAN BOY! Clip and mail the coupon below.

20c a copy at all news-stands. \$2.00 a year by mail. Two years for \$3.00. Three years for \$4.00. Subscribe for two years and save a dollar—for three years and save two!

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Name _____

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Canadian postage, 25c per year extra
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53d Weekly \$5 Award

Extract from the By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "The Director is empowered to make a Cash Award of \$5.00 weekly to the Member or Associate Member submitting, in the Director's opinion, a project of unusual merit."



To secure this Membership Bul-
ton, the first step is
to use the coupon
below

MEMBER R. E. L. JOHNSON (17) of Westmount, Quebec, adds one more to the number of those who give the prize-winning lists of the Lab a truly international aspect. The Lab totals at the present time 60 members from Canada, of whom two have already won weekly or special awards.

Member Johnson's contribution is the extremely trim speedboat illustrated at the top of this column, and designed by him from details and drawings of various full-scale speedboats. His construction was unassisted.

Says Member Johnson: "In my boat the hull is 42" over-all, beam 8", draft 4 1/2", and weight 9 lbs. The underbody is made of white pine 2" thick, shaped and hollowed. To the underbody I attached sides of white pine 1/2" of an inch thick, held in place by six cross ribs. The deck and comings are made of walnut 1/2" of an inch thick. The underbody is finished in cream. The topsides and deck are stained and varnished. The motor is under the forward deck, with the hatchway over it. There are two 1/2-inch cylinders, single acting, high-speed type of 3500 revolutions per minute. The underbody is connected directly to the propeller shaft without gearing. I built the engine last winter from a set of castings. The boiler and blow torch are placed in the cockpit. At present I am designing an automatic rudder for her which I expect to finish shortly."

From the illustration we assume that the castings are similar to those furnished by Boucher, Inc., but other than this the fabrication as well as the assembly of parts was in Member Johnson's hands.

The Secretary's Notes

THE Secretary wishes to call the attention of all Lab prize winners to the recent definite rule of the Governors that the winning of one award does not disqualify them from competition in all future award contests. Two winning projects from the same Member will not be published at intervals closer than thirty days, but the winning of an award should be the stimulation of all members to proceed immediately with even more ambitious plans than those which brought their first distinction. There is no limit to the achievement of an ingenious Member save his own industry. The Governors stand ready and willing to encourage fertility of invention as well as ingenuity, and the Director has authorized the statement that he is particularly anxious in the near future to hear from a number of past prize winners. The field is equally open to old and new Members.

Every day the Secretary receives a number of letters that are rather hard to classify. When something on the Lab page interests a non-Member, he usually writes to us about it rather speedily, and it is always a pleasure for the Secretary to give what information and assistance is possible. But here is an important point: if you are within the age limit for membership in the Lab and are sufficiently interested in something it has done to make an inquiry about it, you should most certainly state your eligibility and have your name properly listed for membership by requesting an Election Blank. When you do not do this, it usually means extra correspondence between you and the Lab.

Membership Coupon

To join the Y. C. Lab, as an Associate Member, use the coupon below, which will bring you full particulars concerning the Society. If elected, you will have the right to ask any question concerning mechanics, engineering, wood and metal working, radio, and so forth. You will also become eligible to compete for the Weekly, Quarterly and Annual Awards made by the Society, and you will receive its button and ribbon. There are no fees or dues.

The Director, Y. C. Lab.
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work. Send me full particulars and an Election Blank on which I may submit my name for Associate Membership in the Y. C. Lab.

Name
Address

THE Y. C. LAB

The National Society for Ingenious Boys

Notes on Mechanical Drawing—IV

By ARTHUR L. TOWNSEND, S. B., Councilor, Y. C. Lab

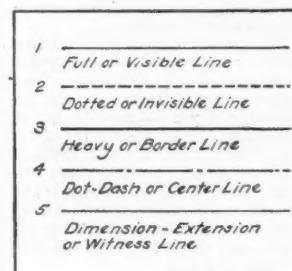


Fig. 1

(NOTE: It is a source of great gratification to the Director to observe the manner in which Lab Members are utilizing the suggestions which Councilor Townsend has made in this series of articles, the fifth of which will soon appear. Before the first was published it was only the exceptional Member who had any idea of the proper form in which a drawing should be submitted, and many an ingenious project lost all chance of consideration because of this ignorance. An improvement was very quickly noticeable, however, and now a number of drawings arrive every day from the Membership, any one of which is worthy of publication. In the near future we expect to publish several examples of this recently developed skill on the part of members, for which these suggestions of Councilor Townsend have been, in large measure, responsible.—THE DIRECTOR.)

AMONG the more common errors found in working drawings are the improper use of the different conventional lines and the careless application of dimensions and other notations.

Every line on a drawing should have a definite purpose and meaning. Difference in thickness or weight of lines and variations in continuity serve to give the needed contrast to establish the meaning of various lines. Custom and common consent among makers and users of drawings have established certain types of lines for particular uses.

In Fig. 1 is shown a standard or conventional set of lines for ordinary drawings.

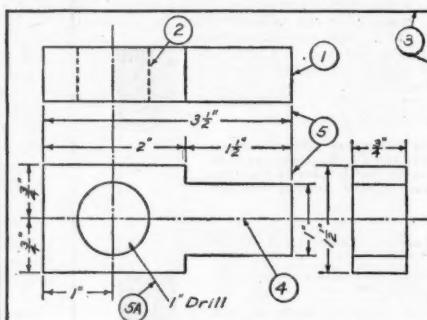


Fig. 2

The full line is used for all visible edges or outlines of the object drawn. Invisible edges or outlines should always be represented by the dotted line. Uniformity in the length of dots and spaces is essential to a good drawing. The heavy line is used to give the frame a border line around a drawing sheet and the title space. Center lines are invariably represented by the dot-and-dash line. The dots should be about 1/8 of an inch long and the dashes one inch. The remaining type of line in Fig. 1 is used for the other lines on a drawing including extension lines, dimensions line and witness lines or marks. Although the actual thickness of the lines used will vary, depending on whether the drawings are large or small, the relative weights should remain in about the proportion shown. In pencil drawings this variation may be obtained by using pencils of different hardness, varying the pressure of the pencil on the paper, or by changing the sharpness of the lead. When using ink small adjustments of the pen will produce the different thicknesses of lines. It is important that these lines be used for the purpose for which they are intended. They should not be interchanged or substituted.

To show clearly the uses of these various drawing lines a simple drawing, with the different types of lines and their uses indicated, is shown in Fig. 2. The circled numbers refer to the various types of lines in Fig. 1. The line marked 5A is known as a leader or pointer and is used to connect (Continued on page 949).

Four Special Cash Awards



Fig. 1

In this motorized age one seldom finds a project such as that by Member John Knoepke (17) of O-M Ranch, Moccasin, Mont.; but the motorization of Montana, although considerable, is not yet complete, and it is interesting to note the manner in which some of the phases of farm life have been responsible for this admirable sulky. Member Knoepke made it from the front wheels of a buggy, a pair of shafts, old iron and lumber. We quote his description:

"As the first step in making this sulky I lowered the spring that was attached to the axle about six inches, clamping it securely to the axle with the clamps that had held it before lowering it. I then attached the shafts—an old pair that had never been used—to the axle. The seat came next, being clamped to the spring. To brace the seat and keep it from

turning, I bent a piece of iron and bolted it to the seat, running it up to the shafts where the singletree bolts on and bolting it there. This made a very secure brace. I attached a box under the seat for a luggage carrier, hinging part of the seat for an opening. The foot rest was made from a piece of strap iron bent and bolted to the shafts. I gave the cart a coat of black carriage enamel. It makes a handy cart, as it is light and yet comfortable to ride in. An automobile cushion strapped on the seat makes it easier riding. I have had considerable pleasure out of making and riding in this cart, but am planning on building a Ford racer according to Y. C. Lab plans."

TO Member Donovan Rietzke (14) of Belmont, Calif., goes this week a Special Award for the careful designing and construction



This seal on manufactured products certifies tests made by the Y. C. Lab



Fig. 2

tion of a model airplane, pictured above with its designer and constructor in Fig. 2. The wing spread is 36", the fuselage is 26" long, the elevator is 14" long, and the wheels are 2" in diameter. The fuselage was constructed first, Member Rietzke informs us, and was made of wood secured from an airplane wreck in which he salvaged a few articles.

The fuselage was made of strips 1/8 of an inch square, put together with nails and glue, with braces 5" apart. The wings were made de-mountable, and they, like the fuselage, are covered with paper. The complete weight of the plane is 12 ounces.



Fig. 3

WHILE on the subject of airplanes, here in Fig. 3 is a model by Member Carl Mitchell (13) of New Castle, Pa., likewise deserving of reward.

"When I built this plane," says Member Mitchell, "I had in mind a picture of a Vicker Vimy, a seaplane and a big heavy passenger plane, so I United them, and this was the result. To look at, it gives one the impression of a big, heavy, two-propeller biplane."

DILIGENCE, industry and varied interests, which do not, however, detract from a uniformly excellent design, are well illustrated by Fig. 4, showing Member Lawrence Taylor (12) of Middletown, New York, surrounded by a record-cabinet, one-tube radio-receiving set, headphone stand and bell-hop ash tray, all of his own construction. In addition to this, a leather-topped footstool gives further evidence of Member Taylor's industry and is unfortunately invisible only because he is sitting on it. So far in the background that you cannot see it in the reproduction, but faintly discernible in the original photograph, is the hall tree with which Member Taylor won his Associate Membership on March 15, 1926. Member Taylor furnishes an excellent example of the diversity of interest which is possible in a Lab Member without sacrifice of excellence of workmanship or steadfastness of purpose.



Fig. 4

Proceedings

Extract from the By-laws of the Y. C. Lab: "There shall be published every week in The Youth's Companion the current proceedings of the Y. C. Experimental Lab at Wollaston, Mass."

Tested the plane, and it flies very well. Tried to get a picture of it. Not so easy with a clumsy view camera and slow shutter. Assembled an auto-coaster and scooter. These are very well made, with brakes, fat rubber tires and everything. We are a bit beyond the scooting age, but a few of us tried them down our steep hill. Plenty of young volunteers will step forward any time to help us with this kind of testing, which is fun and not work—but all the better for that. We do the practical testing, and the scientists in Cambridge do the rest. Tried out some Van Horn rubber cushion radio tubes; also some Hartung battery clips. Tested a Boy Scout game manufactured by Parker Bros.

(Continued on page 949)

D&M

ATHLETIC GOODS



For Christmas

**D&M Basketballs,
Footballs, Striking Bags,
Boxing Gloves, Base Balls,
Uniforms, Bats, Gloves,
Mitts, Hockey Supplies.**

Here are gifts that will bring you good health, hard muscles, and lots of fun. Tell your folks about them.

There's a D&M Dealer in your city, if not, send to us for Catalog showing complete equipment for fall and winter sports.

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Draper-Maynard Co.
DEPARTMENT Y
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BEAN'S WINTER SPORT CAP



\$3.85
Post-
paid

Made of high-grade mahogany glove leather, trimmed with the very finest pure white lambskin. When worn with ear protectors down, looks like aviator's helmet and presents a very sporty appearance.

Ideal for snow-shoeing, skiing, skating, and other winter sports. Built to give full protection to head, neck, and ears in cold, wind, or snow. Weight only 6 ounces. Price \$3.85 delivered. Send for catalog, and samples of leather and lambskin.

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30 Days FREE Trial
Rangers direct from our factory, express
prepaid. Save \$10 to \$15. Many models. Easy
payments—only \$5 a month. Write today
for bicycle catalog and marvelous offer.

MEAD Cycle Co., Dept. M-51 CHICAGO

NOTES ON MECHANICAL DRAWING—Continued

notes, machining instructions, finish, remarks, etc., with a definite part of the drawing as shown. The weight of this leader corresponds to that of the dimension line 5, Fig. 1.

In many cases a drawing may be completely dimensioned, but, due to the careless location of the lines and figures, the drawing is poorly dimensioned. A little time in planning the location of the various dimensions and other notations is very well spent.

Listed in the following are a few suggestions to be considered when dimensioning a drawing, and references are made, in connection with these suggestions, to Fig. 2.

(a) Except for diameters or radii of holes, all dimensions where possible should be kept outside or off the views themselves. Preferably they should be located between the views, as shown.

(b) Dimension figures should be placed so that they will read correctly from the lower right-hand corner of the drawing; that is, from left to right and from bottom to top.

(c) A sufficiently large break should be left in each dimension line for the required figures, notations, etc.

(d) Use small but carefully made arrowheads on dimension lines and leaders. Poor arrowheads always appear conspicuously on a drawing.

(e) Extension and witness lines should always begin a short distance away from the outline of the object. From 1-16 to 1-8 of an inch is a suitable amount for this clearance.

(f) A series of dimensions should always be kept in the same line, and not offset or staggered. Note the two horizontal dimensions between the plan and elevation in Fig. 2.

(g) Center lines should always be used to emphasize symmetry in an object, also to locate the centers of holes, slots, etc.

(h) Center lines should be used to dimension to, but should not be used as dimension lines. In Fig. 2 center lines are used in connection with dimension lines to locate the center of the drilled hole, but no dimensions are located along the center lines.

PROCEEDINGS—Continued

November 9.

Wound the bicycle polo mallets in chamois and brown ooz leather. These are fitted with Horton steel shafts. Finished the magazine holder. This is in veneered wood.

November 10.

Began a water glider or scooter. This is made of tin pontoons and will run by an air propeller. The whole thing will be made of tin and soldered. Made a few more Cheerio Birds. The Lab is not a weird poultry farm—but it looks like it with all these birds being hatched in it.



The Lab is immersed in tests. Here you see the assembly of a coaster and a scooter submitted for test by the Auto-Wheel Coaster Co., North Tonawanda, N.Y.

November 11.

Finished the water glider. It is a strange-looking water craft. It was dark when the final bit of solder went on, so we had no opportunity to try it. It ought to whiz through the water, though, as the propeller sends a beautiful rush of air when it is released. It runs with long rubber bands, but they are hidden in a brass tube over the pontoons. This is an all-metal craft.

November 12.

Painted the water glider—black, red and gray. Busy most of the afternoon painting two dozen Cheerio Birds. We put on all the color we had; and we have quite a studio.

November 13.

Did a lot of work on Cinderella. Bolts were loose, some places needed putty and refinishing. We intend to spray Duco on with an atomizer to patch up the scarred places. Painted the radiator aluminum. Took a lot of photographs, both in the Lab and outside.

November 15.

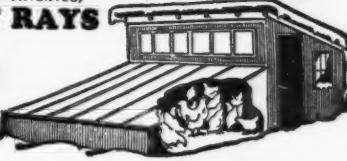
Started two new projects, a toy steam engine and an ironing board, both sent in by Members. The ironing board we made entirely out of a plank of sugar pine, a splendid wood for this kind of work.

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(EST 1916—PATENTED)

ADmits ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS

Brings Eggs All Winter



Now it is easy to get lots of eggs all winter. Just build this GLASS CLOTH scratch shed onto your poultry house to admit the vitalizing ultra-violet rays of the sun. (Plain glass stops them.) These rays bring amazing winter egg yields. The shed is cheap and easy to make. Gives twice the room. Allows hens to scratch and work up vitality. High winter egg prices repay its cost many times. Try it. It is a money maker.



RECOMMENDED BY EXPERTS

Tests by Scientists, Physicians and Experiment Stations prove GLASS CLOTH freely passes the healthful ultra-violet rays of the sun. Never use glass in poultry houses or hot beds. It stops these rays. Always use GLASS CLOTH.



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Simply tack GLASS CLOTH over your screens to make fine storm doors and windows. Admits abundant light. Brings comfort. Shuts out cold. Saves fuel and doctor bills. Ideal for enclosing porches and sleeping porches. Like adding new rooms at small cost.

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The tremendous demand for GLASS CLOTH has made it necessary for us to add another factory. For quick service address orders and correspondence to factory nearest you.

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Bladen, Nebr. Wellington, Ohio

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Genuine, durable GLASS CLOTH is made only by Turner Bros., under exclusive patents. No other concern can copy our process. No other has the same weather resisting formula. Avoid imitations. Real GLASS CLOTH is a strong fabric specially treated to make it transparent, waterproof and weatherproof. Originated in 1916 and proven by ten years success. You will know it by its quality. So much cheaper than glass it has won wide popularity all over the United States and Europe. Recommended by leading experts to make hens lay and for good results with baby chicks and with hot bed plants.

Chicks Thrive Under Glass Cloth

Never put baby chicks behind glass. It stops the sun's violet rays, causing rickets, leg weakness and death loss. In a test at Ames College 25 per cent of the chicks under plain glass died, while all under GLASS CLOTH lived and grew fast.

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Plants started in hot beds covered with GLASS CLOTH are harder, grow more rapidly and transplant better. Ultra-violet rays make plants develop fast. Eggplants bring crops to maturity weeks earlier. GLASS CLOTH sheds soft, warm light to all parts of the frame.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

Send \$5.00 for big roll 45 ft. long and 36 in. wide, postpaid. (Will cover scratch shed 9x15 ft.) If, after ten days use, you do not find it better than glass or any substitute, return it and we will refund your money. Common sense instructions, "Feeding for Eggs," with each order. Catalog illustrating uses on request. (Many dealers sell Glass Cloth.)

Mail the COUPON!

TURNER BROS., Dept. 9710
Bladen, Nebr., Wellington, Ohio

I enclose 25c for which send me postpaid one roll of GLASS CLOTH as advertised. If not satisfied after 10 days use I may return it and you will refund my money.

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TRADE MARK
STRAND SKI

**Most Exhilarating
All Outdoor Sports**

**THE STRAND SKI WAS THE PIONEER
OF AMERICAN WINTER SKI SPORT.
Recognized Leader for 30 Years.
STRAND SKI FOR EXPERT JUMPERS
USED ALL OVER THE WORLD.
Special Models for U.S. Army Service
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60 SIZES, WOODS AND STYLES**

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**MARTIN A. STRAND
104 STRAND ST. NEW RICHMOND WIS.
STRAND ADULT AND KID TOBOGGANS
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BUDDY SNOW SKATES

**For Boys and Girls
Wherever there's snow**

**Take the place of roller skates
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Taylor Compasses

are Reliable Guides

Every boy should have a reliable Taylor Compass to take on hikes, hunts and fishing trips.
Send for free compass booklet.

Taylor Instrument Companies
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There's a Taylor Thermometer for Every Purpose

BOY SCOUTS

NEW Illustrated Catalog of Surplus Army Goods lists many items you need for camping, hiking, etc. Tents, Blankets, Cots, Shirts, Breeches, Bugles, Haversacks, etc., at bargain prices. Send 4c stamp today for copy. Established 1868.

Army & Navy Supply Co.
Dept. 206, Box 135, Richmond, Virginia

Made of hard maple with a wide concave steel runner. Corrugated rubber top prevents the shoe from slipping when the skate is fastened by its rawhide thongs on the foot. Snow skating is loads of fun for both Boys and Girls—one size fits children from 3 to 13 years old—and can skate on ice too.

So Safe—a child can stand or walk in them. No wet feet—can be worn over rubbers. Satisfy and delight the kids and help to keep them off dangerous ice ponds. Most Toy Stores have "Falcon" Buddy Snow Skates. If you have difficulty in finding them we will see you get them if you Mail the Coupon.

American Mfg. Concern, Falconer, N.Y.

Please send me, postpaid

pair Buddy Snow Skates at \$1.75

Enclosed is \$ _____ for above order.

If not satisfactory you are to return the money.

Name _____

Street or R.F.D. _____

City _____ State _____



The Keystone Pin—
gold letters on blue
enamel

Our aim: greater knowledge,
skill and happiness through
enterprises which lead to suc-
cessful achievements

\$1.00 Prize—Active Membership



Dear Hazel Grey: I
hope this gets to you in
time for the next
G. Y. C. Active Mem-
bership elections. Here
is my recipe for angel-
cake:

1 cup (running over) of
egg whites
1 1/2 cups sugar
1 cup flour
1/2 teaspoonful cream of
tartar

1 teaspoonful flavoring
Beat the egg whites.
While they are frothy
add the cream of tar-
tar. Beat until stiff but
not dry. Beat in the
sugar gradually and fold in the flour, which
has been sifted seven times, a tablespoonful
at a time. Add flavoring. Vanilla is preferable
for angel-food cake. Bake in an ungreased
pan for about an hour and 10 minutes in a
very slow oven. Do not remove cake from
pan until cold.

Then to make a wood doll with movable
arms and legs you will need: coping saw and
blades, a sheet of sandpaper, double-pointed
tacks, hammer, rubber bands (heavy), 4 in.
thick wood, water colors and pattern.

The patterns I use are from the Normal In-
structor, and are for jointed figures to be
made of paper and paper fasteners. Trace
your pattern on the wood and with the cop-
ing saw carefully cut out the figure. Sand-
paper the edges to make them smooth. Then
drive double-pointed tacks into the under-
neath side of one of the legs, being careful to
place a rubber band (doubled) underneath
the arch of the tack. Then draw the band
through a hole which has been made in the
body of the doll. Then fasten the band to the
other leg with another tack. Do the same
with the arms. In fact, the arms and legs are
joined to the body just as are those of a
porcelain doll. Next paint the doll, and you
have a doll to please the heart of any little girl.

FRANCES CLARE

New Florence, Ma.

Return to Hazel Grey,

The G. Y. C., 8 Arlington Street, Boston

Dear Hazel:

I should like to know (you may check
one or both):

How to become first a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member and finally a Contributing Member of the G. Y. C. by myself and how to win the pin and all the advantages of a member of the G. Y. C.

OR

How to form a Branch Club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends and to win the pin and all the advantages of Corresponding, Active and Contributing Members for us all.

My name is.....

I am..... years old.

Address.....

HERE is the G. Y. C. Keystone Blank. By sending it in you will become a Corresponding Member of the G. Y. C. and win the right to compete in all the G. Y. C. contests and the right to have all questions on anything or everything answered by the G. Y. C. expert advisers. Then, if you follow up your Corresponding Membership with a good letter and your snapshot, as Frances Clare has, you will be eligible to win a Publication Prize of \$1.00 and the gold-and-blue Keystone Pin, which means that you have been advanced to Active Membership in the G. Y. C. Do you need \$15.00—or even \$5.00? Why not join the G. Y. C. now and *win* it! Are you on the lookout for new friends—new ideas—interesting things to do—parts that are different? Watch your G. Y. C. page and join the G. Y. C. today. It requires nothing from you and means everything for you.

HAZEL GREY

Have you sent in your pictures for the G. Y. C. Cover-photograph Contest? I'll be glad to send you the rules for a 2-cent stamp to cover postage.

"The Girls of The Youth's Companion"—Join Now!

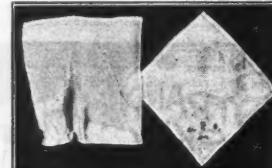


Lucille found that the linen thread had to be pulled gently and the silk thread coaxed to come along after it, when she was making her handkerchief. As Natalie is an expert at French knots and the lazy-daisy stitch, she added that to the handkerchiefs for which Lucille had drawn the threads.

HANDKERCHIEFS ARE ALWAYS ACCEPTABLE

WHILE the Workbox thought that handkerchiefs were hardly original inspirations when it came to planning one's Christmas list, they agreed enthusiastically that they'd never met anyone who didn't always need one more. Here are the directions for the ones they have just finished making. They have tried making them on crêpe de chine with Paintex, too, but these are the prettier and more practical kind, they decided.

As you probably know, handkerchief linen can be bought by the yard, and you can draw the threads yourself to make squares of 12 inches. Of course you can buy these squares already cut, for about 17 cents each, and in many lovely colors.



A just-begun and a finished hankie

After a thread is drawn to true up the edges of a square, the handkerchief is ready for the design. For example, 1 1/2 inches is measured down one side of the square, and one thread the length of the linen is drawn out. Then this measurement is repeated on the other three sides and the thread drawn. The next thread to the one already pulled is then started and a colored silk thread tied to the end of it with a tiny knot. When the linen and silk threads are tied together, the linen thread should be pulled, and that will bring the silk one through into the handkerchief, cable fashion. Lucille found that this process is difficult and that the linen thread has to be pulled slowly and gently coaxed to get the silk thread through. When the silk thread is in, tie a thread of colored floss to it and pull the silk thread, leaving the floss. Do this around all four sides.

Now you are ready to put in a design. Do this by crossing several bars in one corner; to cross the bars, cut the linen threads part way across the corner square. Small designs of two-strand floss sewed on in French knots can be added in one corner.

To make these knots, start with twisting the floss five times around your needle and, instead of putting the needle back near the first hole you make, put it in about 1/16 of an inch from that when you put it through the linen the second time. Increase by two the number of times that you twist your floss each time that you draw your needle through the linen around the first knots. From five to six knots make a small flower. The leaves are green and are done in a lazy-daisy stitch. Embroidered initials would make a lovely handkerchief, too.

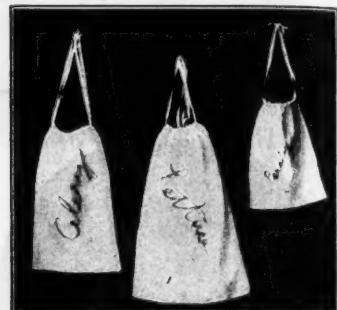
COMING NEXT WEEK—The Announcement of the Prize Winners in the Christmas Gift Suggestion Contest.

Before the bags were stitched upon the sewing machine, the names were written on

Gift Suggestion Contest.

HAZEL GREY

each with a soft heavy pencil and then outlined in different colors of washable floss. When the bags were stitched, about an inch having been left to turn down around the top for the hem for the draw tape, white 1/2-inch tape was inserted.



THE G. Y. C. TAPESTRY BAG

To make it you will need:
A piece of tapestry ribbon 13 inches long
by 6 1/2 inches wide.

Lining moiré ribbon half a yard long and same width as tapestry.

1 yard of silver cord.
1/4 yard fancy braid.
1 bag top with chain attached.
1 button (the G. Y. C. used a silver one, to harmonize with the silver braid and bag top).

Inner canvas the same length and width as tapestry.

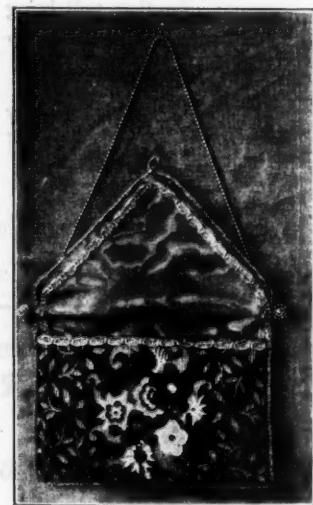
First, fold over one end of the tapestry to a point and cut off evenly the two little triangular corners, leaving one end of the ribbon pointed (see photograph). Then line the tapestry with canvas (exactly the same length and width) and insert the bag top.



SALLY, WILHELMINA OR BRIDGET?

AT Simmons they call her Sally Simmons. Priscilla Whipple from Binghamton, New York, who entered her in the Christmas Gift Suggestion Contest, calls her Bridget McCarthy. And the Workbox dubbed her Wilhelmina Workbox—Wil for short. The important thing about her is her mission in life, first as a good Christmas present (or gift for the girl who is having a kitchen shower), and secondly as a talented presider over the kitchen sink. Her lovely wavy hair is a dish mop. Her handsome shawl is a dish cloth. And her modish frock is made with a glass towel doubled and frilled around her neck and tied in front with a bow of ribbon. The foundation for these important accessories is a large wooden mixing spoon, on which her intelligent countenance should be daintily painted with washable water-color paints. Here is what the Workbox spent for Sally Wilhelmina Bridget's wardrobe:

Wooden spoon	\$1.00
Dish mop	.10
Glass towel	.10
Dish cloth	.05
1/2 yd. of ribbon	.05
	\$4.00



Finally, cover with the moiré ribbon. You will have a small piece of the moiré ribbon left over. Cut this off, hem the edges. Trim one edge of this little piece with silver braid and then sew it, along the bottom, untrimmed edge, 7 inches from the straight bottom edge of the bag. This will make an inner pocket, trimmed with the braid. To make two little inside pockets for hankie, comb, vanity or change purse, stitch it down the center. Fold up the tapestry 4 inches and sew down each side. Cover the edges of the bag with the silver cord. In sewing the cord around, leave a loop at the top point to make the buttonhole. The fancy braid is sewed on the moiré lining just inside the top point and sides, to make an attractive finish. Last of all, sew the button on 1/4 of an inch in the center from the bottom of the bag, and your bag is finished. Lovely color combinations of tapestry and moiré are possible, and moiré is especially good this winter, too, for handbags.

A brown tapestry ribbon with dull gold and crimson in its pattern, and lined with cocoa-colored moiré, would be charming.

Cost of Materials

Tapestry ribbon.....	\$.94
Moiré ribbon.....	.23
Bag top.....	.59
Cord and braid.....	.16
Canvas.....	.10
	\$2.02

WHY BUY A LAUNDRY BAG?

WHY, says the G. Y. C. Workbox, when you can make one for 48 cents and they cost \$1.00! Get a 10-cent celluloid doll, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of cretonne, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 1-inch satin wash ribbon and 1 yard of $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch ribbon.

The cretonne should be folded over and cut in an oval the length and width of the goods, then stitched around the edge on the sewing machine, leaving an 8-inch opening across the top. The edges are bound with the wide ribbon. So is the 6-inch slit which should be made in the center of the front side of the bag. Put in the doll at the part you have left open at the top and gather the cretonne around its neck. The pieces of cretonne which were cut from the sides in cutting the oval make the little cap, and the left-over corners make a kerchief which is bound with the 1-inch ribbon. Part of the narrow ribbon makes a little bow for the side of the cap, and a little piece of the same narrow ribbon is tied around the neck with the bow in front. The finishing touch is a 12-inch piece of the wide ribbon folded to make a 6-inch loop by which the bag is hung.



From Girl to Girl



Dearest Suzanne:

By this time you too have heard from Marion Webster about saving the week-end after Christmas. She probably wrote you the same thing she did to me, being a perfect hostess and kind enough to warn us against bringing the kind of clothes one usually takes visiting instead of sweaters and woolen stockings! One thing she wrote me: "It's usually around zero here in the early morning, and you'll find it ever so much easier to hop out for breakfast if you bring a wrapper instead of your best visiting negligee!" Not having anything warm but my old quilted one, this was rather sad until mother came to the rescue with the news that Aunt Mary had sent her a check to get me one for Christmas, and she'd planned to have me help choose it with her anyway. So with these two darlings finally to choose from I decided on the cherry-red corduroy and plan to christen it on Christmas morning. The striped tailory one would be great to wear at school—it's brand-new style, and the long sleeves make it nice to study in.

Above all, hope for snow on December 30—I can hardly wait to see everyone again at Marion's!

Betty

The corduroy (\$4.00) comes in cherry or blue, small, medium or large size, and besides being lined has a shirred stand-up collar and shirred cuffs. The tailored flannel (\$12.50) comes in combinations of tan, blue or rose, and in the same sizes. If you send check or money order, I'll be glad to get them for you at Filene's. H. G.



Photos by Hoyle Studio

Bathrobes from Filene's

First Aid to Good Looks: If you have a beauty problem still unsolved, as most of us have, here are preparations chosen because they are particularly suited to the needs of a

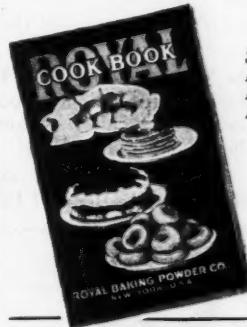
young girl. They are both inexpensive and reliable, and for a 2-cent stamp I'll be glad to send you the helpful list of their names and prices. HAZEL GREY



4.270

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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE



HERE were once two baby sisters who lived in a city of the Middle West. Some one who loved them dearly used to tell them stories. Best of all they liked the story of the Three Bears and Goldilocks.

One summer afternoon when the weather was so warm the robins sat with their mouths open the baby sisters were put in their white cribs at nap time and told to go to sleep. In a few minutes dear little Mary Anna was sound asleep. But Laura, who was almost three years old, tossed and tossed and cried and cried because she could not go to sleep.

The one who used to tell them stories was sorry that Laura could not sleep. She said, "The weather is too warm. I will take you on the porch and rock you. I will tell you the story of the Three Bears!"

She did, and Laura stopped crying. Suddenly the Story-Telling-One thought of something different. Then said she, "I will tell you a story about one time when Little Bear could not finish his nap because the forest band woke him up!"



Then she gave him a pail of blueberries to take home to his Father Bear and a basket of flowers for his Mother Bear

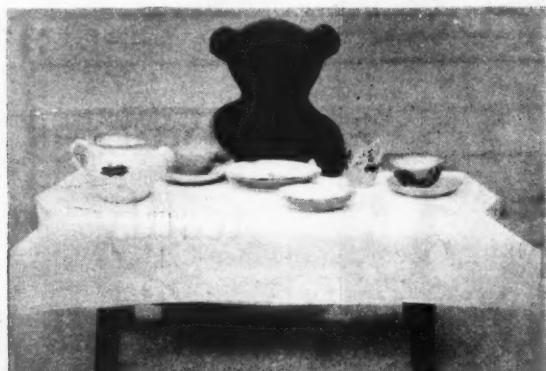
Laura liked that story. Over and over she said, "Please tell it again!"

So the Story-Teller wrote it and sent it to The Youth's Companion for all small children to laugh about. Thus also more and more stories were told and written about the Little Bear of the Three Bears' family, until now there are so many of them that they fill books!

In all these years, however, no one has ever seen that Little Bear, not even Laura and Mary Anna, except through the magic gates. The trail leading back to the ancient forest where Little Bear lives with his Father Bear and his Mother Bear and all their friends is lost.

So children cannot play with him. Besides, if Little Bear ever should leave the ancient forest to visit us, he could not be everywhere at once. There is only one of him, and there are thousands and thousands of children who would like him for a pet.

The Story-Telling-One only laughs at this. She says, "Let the children look at Little Bear's pictures and just think about him!"



"Suppose you sit down at the table and wait for your breakfast"

THE LITTLE BEARS AT HOME

By Frances Margaret Fox

Here is quite a new story about Little Bear—it's almost more like a play, and so we've made a list of the characters who took part in making it for you:

The Story-Telling-One—Frances Margaret Fox

The Pattern-Maker—Georgia Eldredge Hanley

The Picture-Taker—George B. Brayton

The Bear-Maker—YOU

and

The Playmate-Bear—LITTLE BEAR HIMSELF.



out his pieces and sewed them together. Then she stuffed him with cotton, sewed on two eyes, two ears, a nose and a mouth, and then she and the children with her, laughed for joy.

"Here," said she, "is Little Bear!" And there he was. All he needed was a cap and some trousers and a pink checked pocket handkerchief



After that she told him that he ought to go to school and learn to count and study geography

Then one day the Pattern-Maker, who loves babies and all small children, said, "The children are right about it. All of them everywhere should have Little Bears to play with!"

That very day she made a pattern that looked like our Little Bear, and the world began to be happier that same minute. The Pattern-Maker laid her pattern on cloth, cut



HOW TO GET THE PATTERN

A pattern is all ready to be mailed to you for 15 cents in stamps, cash or money order; it is printed full size in green ink on a strong pattern paper, and full directions for making Little Bear come with each pattern.

The Editor of the
Children's Page
8 Arlington Street,
Boston, Mass.

All he needed was a cap and some trousers and a pink checked pocket handkerchief to make him sort of dressed up



to make him sort of dressed up.

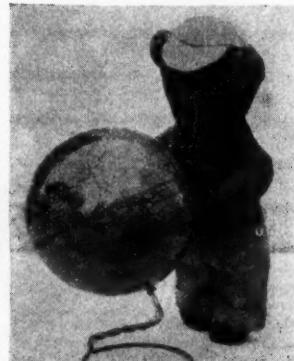
Then said the Pattern-Making-One to the Little Bear, "Suppose you sit down at the table and wait for your breakfast to be served!"

After breakfast was served and the dishes cleared away, the Pattern-Maker gave Little Bear a pail of blueberries to take home to his Father Bear and a big basket of flowers for his Mother Bear. After that she told him that he ought to go to school and learn to count and study geography.

The Pattern-Making-One had such a good time playing with her stuffed toy Little Bear that she asked him to be good and have his picture taken by the Picture-Taker to send to all the children everywhere.

The Story-Telling-One says that soon after that she showed the pictures of the made-with-a-pattern Little Bear to Little Bear himself, in the ancient forest, and he was delighted. He says he hopes that every one of the children who love him may have a Pattern-Maker's Little Bear to play with. He especially wishes them to have the toy bears in the winter, when all real wildwood bears are sound asleep in their caves and hollow logs. Then Little Bear sent his love to children everywhere and cuddled down to sleep all winter.

As for the pattern bears, you will find them comforting playmates. One of their favorite games is hide-and-seek. They like to play go-to-sleep-in-a-winter-cave and then be



found by hunters. All the children but one in the game blind their eyes. The one with wide-open eyes has to help the Little Bear find his hiding cave, and then call out "Ready!" The child who first finds Little Bear is the next one to help him hide.

The Little Bears, though, would rather help their owners think up their own games.

And nobody knows how many of them are waiting this minute for a chance to jump into their patterns, to be cut out and stuffed.

If you should find Little Bear waiting to play with you Christmas morning, wouldn't you be happy!



Load it up and start away!

HAVE a trucking business all your own! Load up to capacity at your "warehouse," crank your motor — which winds the strong powerful spring. All set! Put the motor into gear with the lever beside the driver's seat. And away you go.

Around the corner a package to be delivered. Pull back the lever at the driver's seat — brakes on — the truck has stopped. Deliver your package and you're off to the next stop. Don't stop yet to crank — your truck will run 200 feet before this is again necessary.

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showing Kingsbury Toys for Christmas, write for this book and we will tell you how you may secure Kingsbury Toys quickly.

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Send 10c coin for this miniature disc wheel whose non-skid balloon tire is really a rubber eraser.



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